THREE-PENCE-

# Che UDGATE

ONTHI

Contributions

GEORGE R. SIMS,

J. A. O'SHEA,

James Greenwood,

Davenport Adams,

etc., etc., and Song by

HARRY J. MAY.

Edited Ly Philip May



No. 3, Vol. 1.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.
Published at LUDGATE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

JULY, 1891.



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The MEDICAL BATTERY Co., Ltd., are the Sole Proprietors of the extensive Establishment (as represented above), which, by the way, is **the largest and only complete**Electro-therapeutic Institute in the World for the treatment and cure of disease by Electricity, Massage, Swedish Mechanical Exercises, &c.

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### A SURGEON-GENERAL'S EXPERIENCE.

M.D., F.R.C.S., name and Surgeon-General address on application, in a letter dated 23rd February, 1891, addressed to Mr. C. B. Harness, says :- "I have worn your Electropathic Belt for more than a year, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to its efficacy. Before wearing it I suffered from Lassitude and Torpid Liver, with concomitant Nervous Exhaustion. These symptoms subsided after wearing the Belt, and I have experienced far better health under its use. I would not go without it on any account. I am of opinion that it would also have a most beneficial effect on residents in tropical climates, particularly those who are liable to a sedentary life; and, as Belts are considered a great protection in India, and highly recommended, yours would, I feel sure, be an important desideratum for most Anglo-Indians and residents in tropical climates."

This is only one out of thousands of similar reports which we have received from all classes of society who have been cured by wearing Mr. C. B. Harness' convenient and invaluable Electropathic Belt appliances. By the invigorating and mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate throughout the system, they speedily brace up every nerve and muscle of the body, drive away all feelings of lassitude, and keep the system perfectly energetic and healthy. Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Indigestion, Epilepsy, Kidney Disease, Sleeplessness, Hysteria, Melancholla, Brain Fag, Impaired Vitality, Physical Debility, Organic Weakness, and Nervous Exhaustion, yield like magic to the curative properties of these wonderful appliances. Readers should satisfy themselves by calling at the Medical Battery Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, at 52, Oxford Street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone Place), where they can personally inspect the thousands of unsolicited testimonials, and see the Belts scientifically tested. The most sceptical visitor cannot fail to be convinced that Electricity is not only the least dangerous, but at the same time the most powerful curative agent known. Consultation can be obtained gratuitously, either by personal application or letter. All communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential, and should be addressed to The Medical Battery Company, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.



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"Never mind, Smut! We'll have a dog show that shall be all cats, except you, and then you'll have it all your own way!

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Ladies' Size, 2/3; Hemstitched, 2/11 per doz. Gents' Size, 3/6; Hemstitched, 4/11,

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"IT is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superscied all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New York."—The Argonaut.

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A splendid £2 2s. 4-plate fully jewelled movement, sterling silver, hall marked watch, given away every week in THE WEDNESDAY JOURNAL to the reader sending in the most coupons. Of all newsagents. A specimen copy sent post free on receipt of three halfpenny stamps by the Proprietors, 6, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

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THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

GABBLETON: "Now, if you'll take a friend's advice—"
HIS VICTIM (sweetly): "Certainly, old boy; it will be the
first thing I ever got from you."

Medical Electricity for Self-Application.

# HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

By Her Majesty's



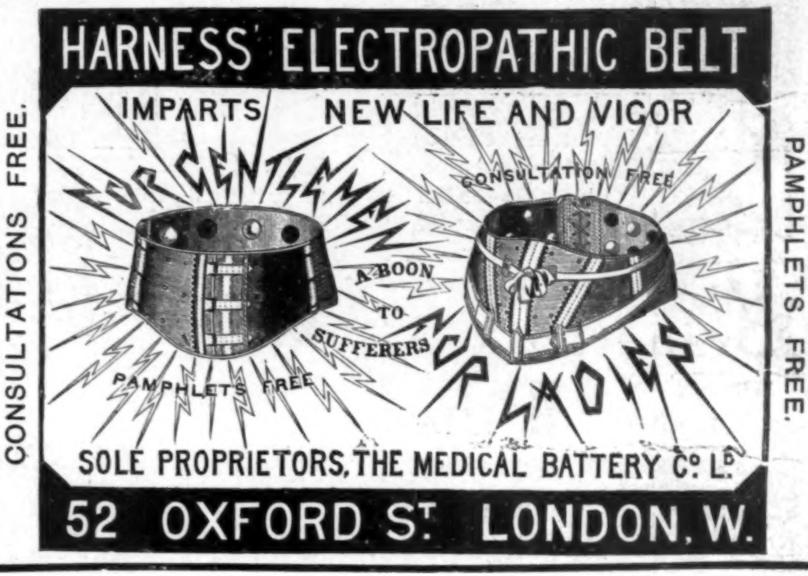
Royal Letters Patent.

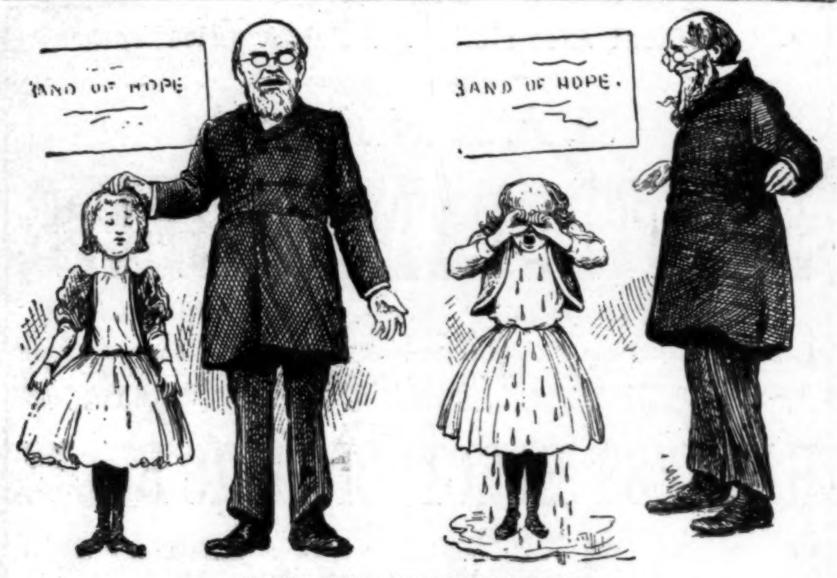
The accompanying illustration indicates the manner in which, by means of Mr. C. B. HARNESS' Patent "Electropathic" Belts, Electricity can be easily and pleasantly adapted to the body. Patients are earnestly recommended to either send a Post Office Order for one of these remarkable curative appliances, or write at once for "Private Consultation Form," Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials.

# HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

FOR ALL
RHEUMATIC,
NERVOUS,
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DISORDERS.

are an improvement on the galvanic couple of the celebrated German, Professor Humboldt. They are exceedingly simple in their construction, very comfortable to wear, and, from their constant action, most efficacious as a self-generating reservoir of Electricity. They are entirely unique as a therapeutical adaptation of Electricity, as they consist of a series of Constant current Electric Generators, which are in continuous action while the Belt is worn. They contain also all the essential elements of the Dry Compress, so well known and appreciated in Hydropathic Treatment. Acting, as they do, upon all the most important organs of the body, they rarely fail to alleviate most of the disorders resulting from impaired vitality, weak circulation, local or general debility, or defective organic action.





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DEACON BARGOE: "Our little friend, Sissy Millikin, will now give us a recitation called The Mighty Cataract of Niagara.' Now don't be afraid, Sissy."

Sissy: "Boo-hoo-o-o hoo-oo!"
THE DEACON: "I think I was wrong in calling it a recitation, brethren. I should have said imitation."



Personal Appearance is influenced by nothing more materially than a luxuriant crop of Hair.

# Barry's Tricopherous

IS GUARANTEED TO

Produce a fine Head of Hair.

To thoroughly cleanse the Scalp.

To make the Hair Silky and Glossy.

To Prevent the Hair falling out.

To Cure all Scalp Diseases.

To remove all Impurities.

To insure its having a fair trial, we are prepared to send post free to every one cutting out and forwarding the Coupon at foot, within two months from this date, a 3s Bottle for 2s., on receipt of Stamps or Postal Order. Nothing can be fairer than this offer, and we are equally confident that having once used it no lady will have any other.











This Coupon entitles holder to one 3s. Bottle of BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, post free for 2s., providing it is received within two months of this date—July, 1891. "THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

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DO YOU SUFFER FROM CORNS?

THEN USE

# CORN PLASTERS.

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HAVE YOU BUNIONS OR ENLARGED TOE JOINTS?

USE

# ALLCOCK'S BUNION PLASTERS.

They give EASE AT ONCE, and are far superior to any remedy of a similar kind.

Ask your Chemist for them, or send 1s. 11d. in stamps to

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# A SAILOR'S YARN.

Come all ye jolly land-lubbers, just listen unto me,
A yarn I'll tell ye of a trip I've just had out to sea
On board a craft as trim and taut as ever clap't on sail,
She bounded like a living thing before the rising gale.
A storm came on quite suddenly, and soon the raging main
Was fairly mad, waves mountains high whirled round the "Betsy Jane,"
Our skipper soon began to look as solemn as a pope;
For we'd a precious freight aboard of Frazer's Toilet Soap.

The wind did blow, tossed to and fro, our barque was like a toy, When all at once we heard a shout of "Hi! There! Ship ahoy!" A queerish fog-horn sort of voice, and just then, strange to tell, The storm calmed down, while every man could sniff a fishy smell; Again that shout, we looked about, but could'nt see no craft, No ship or boat of any kind; we thought we'd all gone "daft," When from our port side came a cry "Hi! Sling me down a rope, I want to see the Cap'en 'bout some Frazer's Toilet Soap."

A creepy kind of feeling came upon the vessel's crew,
For something supernat'ral was a going to meet our view,
A figure strange and sturdy then jumped plump upon the deck,
A battered, weird old veteran, with sea-weed round his neck.
He shook himself like some wet dog, then stroked his grizzly beard,
Then laughing roared: "Don't look like that, you all seem mighty skeered.
I'm Father Neptune! Now you know—I don't intrude, I hope,
I understand you have on board some Frazer's Toilet Soap."

The queer old fish then laughed and said: "Why, skipper, you sly dog, Why don't you offer me a pipe—a leetle drop of grog? I've got a touch of Rheumatiz through lending my old gamp, My spirits have gone very low, my 'baccy's very damp. But that can wait while I relate about my daughters' woe, Like other girls they've lost their hearts and each one has a Beau, They want to beautify themselves, but there they sit and mope, The only thing to bring them joy is Frazer's Toilet Soap."

"It is no use a palming off some imitation stuff,
That's what has riled our mermaid folk, they've tried them quite enough.
In fact, my girls can't titivate as should such scaly Belles,
For their sweethearts, though but Tritons, are reg'lar ocean swells."
Then up our skipper to him spoke, says he: "Pray, just inform
Me if 'twas you that roused the sea and caused that lively storm?"
Says Neptune: "T'was the missus, sir; with 'Amphy' I can't cope,
The only thing to calm her down is Frazer's Toilet Soap."

Our Cap'en says: "Look here, old boy, a favour you must grant Before I lift the hatches up to give you what you want, Just promise us fine weather now, until we get ashore." Old Neptune took a solemn oath—he most distinctly swore. The skipper gave his orders out, we hoisted overboard A rare good stock, old Nep was pleased, with joy he laughed and roared, Plunged in the sea, then vulgarly cried out: "Boys, I must slope, I'll keep my word, as good as gold, like Frazer's Toilet Soap."

We had fair weather after that, our sails we kept unfurled. And found that Frazer's Soap was famed and used all o'er the world, Where 'ere we went, from north to south, aye, lads, from east to west, Each race, each creed were all agreed that Frazer's was the best. And now I've told my simple tale, each word is strictly true, But if ye doubt me, then, for proof, ask any of our crew, You'll know the men for they are all armed with a telescope To spy out anyone that don't use Frazer's Toilet Soap.

Frazer's Soap (Toilet) in White Cartons, price 6d.
Frazer's Soap (Sulphur) in Green Cartons, price 6d.

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For the Hair, Whiskers, and Moustachios.



CRINIBUS will be found most efficacious in all cases of Baldness or falling off of the Hair, from whatever cause arising, and by its use a luxuriant growth will be obtained. It acts directly upon the glands which nourish the roots of the Hair, and by arresting their degeneration a healthy and abundant growth is ensured.

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MOUSTACHIOS FOR THE HAIR, WHISKERS & MOUSTACHIOS FOR THE HAIR, WHISKERS Sz MOUSTACHIOS FOR THE HAIR, WHISKERS MOUSTACHIOS FOR THE HAIR, WHISKERS MOUSTACHIOS WHISKERS FOR THE HAIR, MOUSTACHIOS WHISKERS THE HAIR, FOR

CRINIBUS is manufactured from the recipe of a Physician holding the Highest Qualifications from the COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF LONDON, who has made affections of the Hair his special study, and is prepared under his personal supervision.

CRINIBUS will be found on use to be the most cooling, refreshing, and stimulating preparation for the HAIR, WHISKERS, and MOUSTACHIOS ever produced.

"Mirè sagaces faileret hospites discrimen obscurum, solutis CRINIBUS."

"The indefinable distinction occasioned by his flowing looks would marrellously impose upon even sagacious strangers."—Horace: (Ales, Book it.. Song v.

CRINIBUS can be obtained from all Chemists, Perfumers, & Co-operative Stores throughout the World.

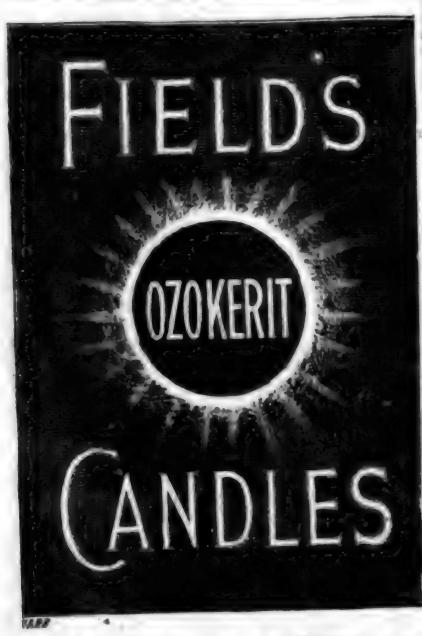
1s. 6d., 3s., 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d. per Bottle, or Post Free (with full directions for use)

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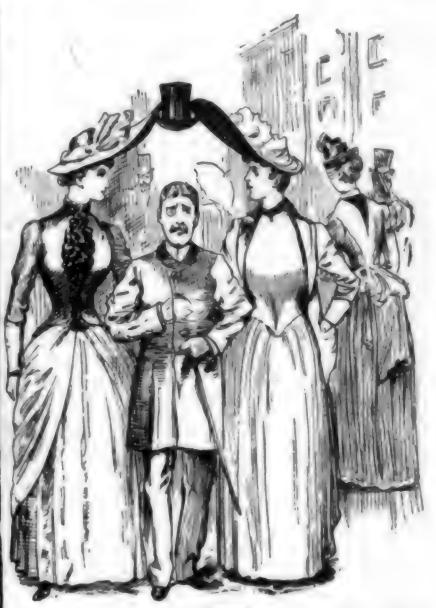
H. STAPLETON & CO., Sole Proprietors, 32, Gray's Inn Road, LONDON, W.C., HOLBORN END.



This preparation is guaranteed to contain no injurious ingredients, and therefore may be used with perfect safety. It is beautifully perfumed and is sure to give satisfaction. BARRY'S PEARL CREAM is most efficacious in softening the skin and preventing its chapping, and in removing irritation arising from changes of weather. Be sure the name "BARCLAY & OO., New York" is on every bottle.



J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd., LAMBETH, S.E.



SCOOPED.

Cousin George: "Pardon me, girls, but I was just going to bow to Miss Yates myself."

# Prize Competitions.

Prizes value £12 8s. 0d. No Entrance Fees.

Competitions Close 15th July. Decision in our September Number.

### WORD COMPETITION.

Competitors are to make as long a list as they can of words formed from the letters in

# "THE LUDGATE MONTHLY,"

and at the bottom of their list are to write the total number of words sent in, mentioning some dictionary in which all the words can be found.

Six Handsome, Illustrated Books will be given as Prizes; the First Prize is published at Two Guineas, and the Sixth at half-a-guinea.

## RIDDLE COMPETITION.

Competitors are to put the number of the riddle and then their answer to the same.

- 1.—Why does a miller wear a white hat?
- 2.—When is a man not a man?
- 3.—If a hen and a-half lay an egg and a-half in a day and a-half, how many eggs will six hens lay in a week?
- 4.—What is that which gives a cold, takes away a cold, and pays the doctor?
  - 5.—Why is a bee-hive like a bad potato?

Three three-volume novels, each worth a Guinea and a-half, and two two-volume novels, each published at a Guinea, will be given as Prizes.

In case of ties, the Competition Editor will award the Prizes to the Competitors whose hand writing is the best. The Competition Editor's decision will be final. All Competitors must address their letters and post-cards as below (or they will be disqualified).

The Competition Editor, "Ludgate Monthly" Offices, 12, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

# "The Ludgate Monthly" Cricket Competition.

# NO COUPON OR ENTRANCE FEE.

FREE TO ALL.

We will give a splendid Gold Watch, of first-class workmanship, value £10, to the reader sending us the names of the 20 Batsmen making the largest number of runs during the month of July (including Saturday, 1st of August). The names selected to be those Cricketers playing only in First-Class County Matches during above period. The first-class Counties are Surrey, Notts, Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, Sussex, Middlesex, Lancashire, Kent, and Somerset. The Batsmen to be placed in the order Competitor believes they will occur; the Batsman expected to make the biggest total of runs to be put at the head of the list; then the second biggest, and so on.

The Watch will be given to the Competitor who places the most Batsmen in their proper order. If no Competitor places the 20 Batsmen in their proper order, then the Watch will be given to the Competitor giving the most correct list. Should two or more Competitors be equal, then an extra Competition will be set to decide between them.

The Proprietors of "THE LUDGATE MONTHLY," will adjudge the Competition from the results of Matches, as reported in "CRICKET," and their decision will be final.

How to Proceed.—Write the figures 1 to 20, in column, on a post-card, and against them write the names of the Batsmen, as you believe they will occur. Write your name and address at the foot. Nothing else whatever to be written.

All post-cards must reach us on or before Monday, 6th July, and the decision will be made in our September number, which will be obtainable at the end of August.

Any breach of above rules will disqualify.

We cannot answer any correspondence on the matter.



DOES NOT EQUALLY APPLY.

HUSBAND: "I think I can have this hat blocked so that it will do this winter."
WIFE: "Yes, of course. You are a sensible fellow."
HUSBAND: "And you can make your hat do, too, by having——"
WIFE: "Indeed? Do you think I will wear last winter's hat. You are the most foolish man I ever saw."



D GLASS GLOTHS. FLEXIBLE GLASS PAPER. BLOCK BLACK LEADS, KNIFE BOARDS, &c.

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A LASTING & BRILLIANT POLISH PRODUCED IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT WASTE OR DUST.
IN 10. 20 8 40 PACKETS. EVERYWHERE
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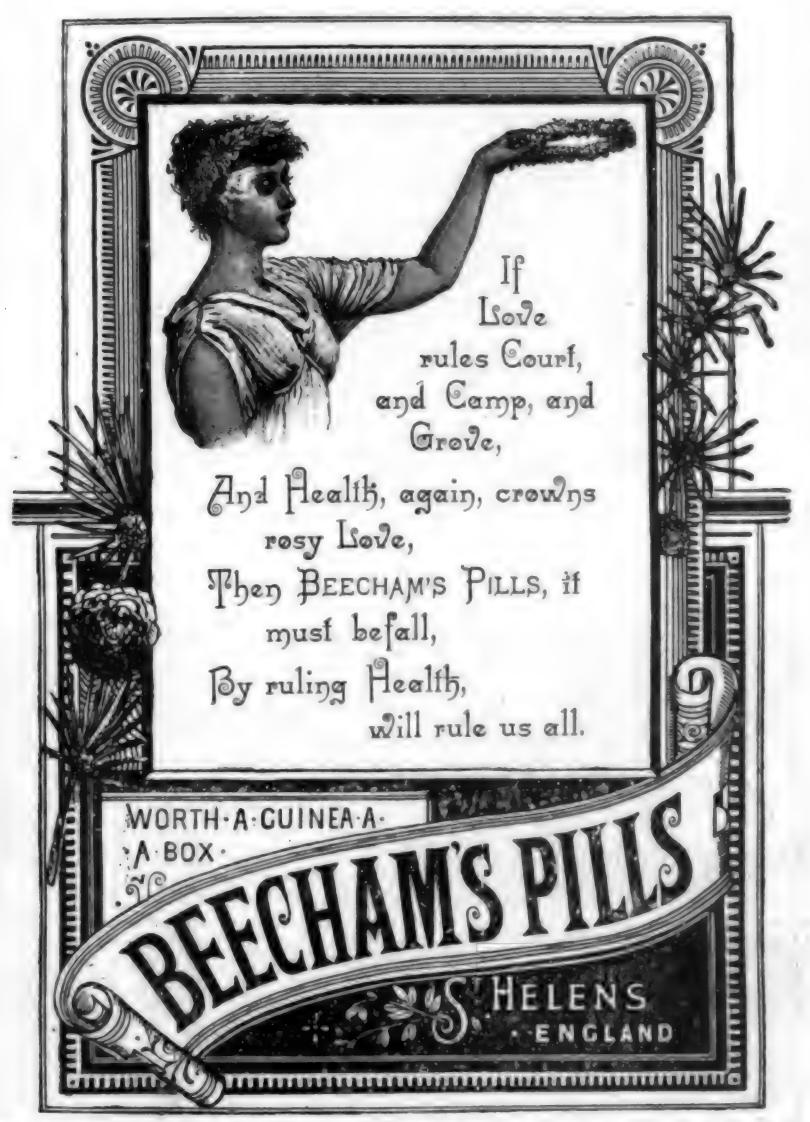
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Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere, in Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Full directions with each box.

# ARDEN BRITE LIQUID GOLD,

Untarnishable & Washable, & Wears three times as long as real Gold Leaf.

The only Article in the World suitable for DECORATING LADIES' SLIPPERS, In Gold, Silver, Red, and Green, at the trifling cost of 2d. per pair.

WILL COVER ANY KIND OF LEATHER.

SCORES OF TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT OUR OFFICES.

There is not a single known Material or Surface to which it cannot be applied.

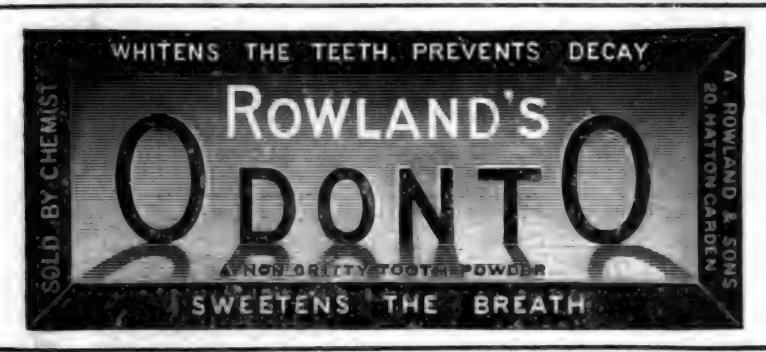
No Preparation Required. Stir well and apply with a common paint brush.

Don't buy RUBBISH that turns BLACK and rubs off almost as soon as you get it on.

Arbenbrite may be obtained of all Artists' Colourmen, Chemists, Oilmen, Stores, &c., all over the world, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per Jar. or of

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Beware of Dangerous Benzoline Mixtures sold as Gold Paints.







# THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

# Contents.

									PAGE
FRONTISPIECE		•		•	÷			-	130
By J. MERRIN.									
THE THAMES		• .	•	•				•	131
By PHILIP MAY. Illustr	rated by	C. G. F	LARPER						
ON CALAIS SANDS -	•	۰	-	-	-		•	•	135
By Sir GILBERT CAMPBI	LL, Bart.	Illesst	rated b	y Bri	NSLEY	LE F.	ANU.		
HER WEDDING GIFT -	• •	-			. •	•	•	•	140
By George R. Sims. 1	"Il ustrated	by A.	Нітсн	COCK.					
A LIFE'S HISTORY -					•	•	•	•	143
By PHILIP MAY. Illust	rated by	F. V. I	POOLE.						
A BIRD'S STORY	• •	•	-	•	•	-	•	. •	154
Illustrated by F. L. Full	LER.								
MOTHER CRIMEA		-	•	-	•	•		***	157
By John Augustus O'S	SHEA. II	lustrated	by J.	F. W	EEDO	N.			
LIFE IN DARKEST LONDO						•	•		163
By JAMES GREENWOOD.									
FAME! FORTUNE! FUN!						•	•	•	166
By S. T. A. FITZGERAL			-						
THE BRITISH NAVY AT C									171
By DAVENPORT ADAMS.								I.E.	
OUR CITY FLOWER GIRL						•	•	•	177
By E. Gowing Scopes.					S.				
HOW TO MOVE THE WO	RLD -	•	-	•	•	•	•	•	181
By F. ARMITAGE. Illu.	strated by	A. Hi	TCHCO						
LAWN TENNIS		-	•	•	•	-	-	•	184
Illustrated by G. HUTCH	HINSON.								
CUPID'S VICTORY		-	•	•	•	•	•	•	188
Song by HARRY J. MAY	0								

Our CRICKET PRIZE, RIDDLE COMPETITION, &c., see Advertisement Page No. xi. A £ 10 Gold Watch, and £12 worth of Handsome Books, free to all. No Entrance Fees



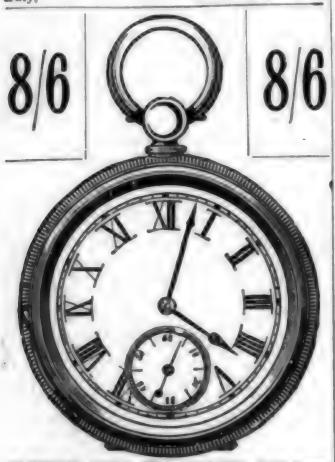
"Hawarden House, Chester. "Sept. 4th, 1890.

Watch, and would like two 12a. 6d. Keyless sent her, also Chain, C2, 7., 1 Fly and 2 Pearl Brooches. Mrs. Gladstone encloses a cheque for the whole amount."

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"M. BARROW."

"Pigeon H. Fort, Dublin,
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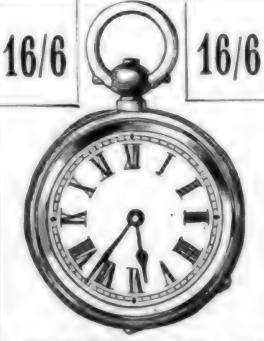


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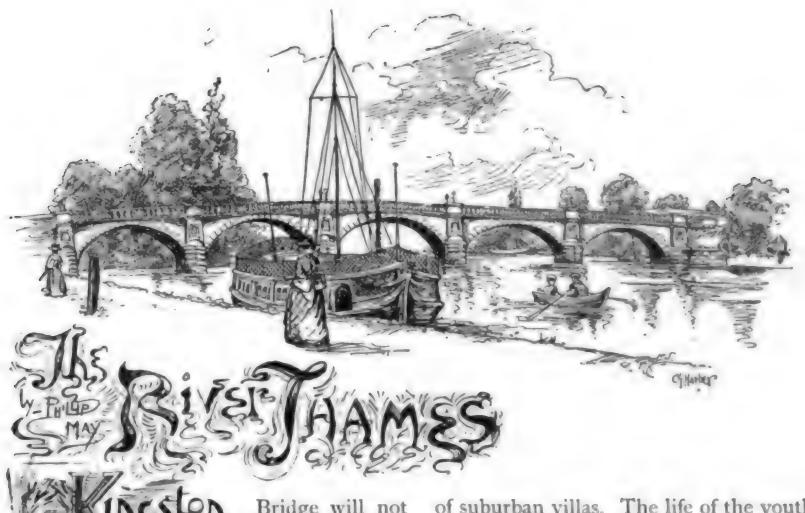
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"THE BEAUTY OF THE MIDDLESEX BANK ATTRACTS ATTENTION."



Bridge will not seem, to many, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever; but, to me, it recalls the happiest of childhood's hours. From the house in

which I was born, and where my parents lived until I was sixteen, I could see the people paying their pence to cross the bridge; and long before I understood the mysteries of punting, I used to watch poor old Tucker, the ferryman, who would take working men over to the Kingston side for a penny, and gentlemen for twopence. When I was old enough to be trusted in a boat, how I enjoyed being ferried across; and when I was a little older, and I could induce him to use his heavy boat, how pleased I was when he graciously permitted me to take an oar!

To a youth, numberless are the joys which the river can afford. From the bridge, round the island, which is about half way to Teddington, and back, I have rowed in many a race against youthful competitors; and if some would prefer the Henley regatta course, my young friends and I never wanted a better than our own, when we were boys together.

Between the bridge and Teddington lock, the towing path on the Surrey side is not very picturesque, I grant; but, the wooded beauty of the Middlesex bank attracts attention from the less pleasing shore. All the way to Teddington there is an almost uninterrupted succession of lawns and shrubberies, and well-timbered pleasure-grounds, surrounding some of the prettiest

of suburban villas. The life of the youthful dwellers in these charming haunts is almost idyllic. Tennis and cricket, fishing and gardening, rowing and sailing, are only some of the joys of the favoured few who dwell by the silver stream.

When spring unlocks the flowers, the year's delights begin, although not for months will the river be crowded with small craft; summer, when sunshine casts a spell upon the river, is all too short; but when the winds of chill October have robbed the trees of their glorious foliage, and the turbid water bears a burden of russet leaves, the angler can follow his silent sport; and in winter there are within easy walking distance, Hampton Court, Strawberry Hill, Richmond Hill and Park. and a little further the Gardens and Museum at Kew.

Among the poets whose names and works are associated with the scenery and traditions of the Thames, may be mentioned Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer; Charles Dibden, the author of the best sea-songs in





the English language; Taylor, known as the "Water Poet;" and Drayton, author of a rhymed discourse on the rivers of England.

Pope intended to inscribe on the walls of his grotto, at Twickenham, the following lines which he wrote for the purpose; but though included in his works, they do not appear in the place for which they were intended:—

Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave Shines, a broad mirror, through the shady cave, Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil, And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill! Unpolished gems no ray of pride bestow, And latent metals innocently glow. Approach! great Nature studiously behold, And eye the mint, without a wish for gold! Approach! but awful. Lo! the Egerian grot Where nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought, Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole, And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul,

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor, Who dare to love their country and be poor. "Sweete Temmes! run softly till I end my song!" wrote Spenser; and Sir John Denham, who was Sheriff of Surrey in 1642, wrote the following description of the Thames, which is not as well known as it should be, considering how true his words remain to this day:—

My eye, descending from this hill, surveys, Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.

Thames, the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons,

By his old sire to his embraces runs, Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea Like mortal life to meet eternity. Though with those streams he no resem-

blance hold,

Whose form is amber and their gravel gold, His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,

Search not his bottom but survey his shore, O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing, And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring; Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay Like mothers who their infants overlay; Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave, Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave. No unexpected inundations spoil The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil; But godlike his unwearied bounty flows; First loves to do, then loves the good he does. Nor are his blessings to his banks confined, But free and common as the sea or wind; When he, to boast or to dispense his stores Full of the tributes of his grateful shores, Visits the world, and in his flying towers Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours; Finds wealth where 'tis, and bestows it where it wants,

Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants; So that to us no thing, no place is strange, While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

Since I was a boy sculls have come into general use for pleasure boats on the





Thames; and double sculling is the fashionable amusement. Personally, I think that the change is not for the better. In very light boats, and with incompetent oarsmen, it is perhaps easier to turn over the craft by catching a crab with an oar than with a scull; but with what ease a couple of good oarsmen can make even a heavy boat travel against the stream. The rising generation, however, do not seem to love the river as we did; against the stream the majority

prefer to tow; and young girls may often now be seen on the river bank, doing the work which in my youth was generally performed either by bargees or donkeys.

The trip from Oxford to Richmond is, however, a blessing for which all lovers of the river must be devoutly thankful. Twenty-five years ago, the journey was seldom made, never except in the traveller's own boat, and there was great diffi-

culty in obtaining accommodation. Now, however, everybody makes the trip; a randan may be hired for the journey for £3, and smaller boats for less; and hotels have sprung up in all directions to

meet the demand.

Those who would like to make the trip, but do not care for even the slight exertion of rowing down the stream, can secure seats in one of the steamers which run between Oxford and Kingston. The journey takes two days, and the passengers pass one night at Henley, where there are plenty of good hotels.

The travellers, having seen the sights of Oxford, and started down stream with as

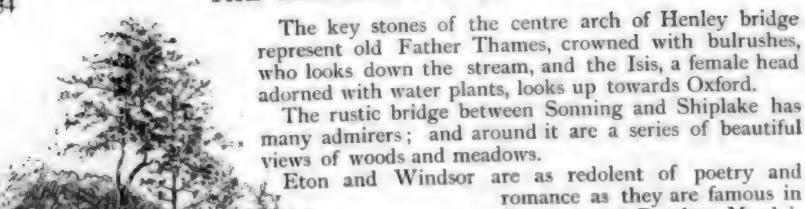
little luggage as possible, look back at a large, dusty, red town, with, as one of its prettiest spots, Magdalen College.

A little lower down, by the first lock, we come to Iffley Mill, which is exceedingly picturesque, with its foreground of light and shade, and its background of poplars, oaks and elms.

But what is the most beautiful scene of all in the panorama extending from Oxford

to Richmond? Some say that the bridge at Henley-on-Thames, if only seen when the stars are shining, is the best view in the section of the Thames that is the richest in natural beauties.





history; and Datchet Mead is known, by name at least, wherever Shakespeare is read, as the scene where the "Merry Wives of Windsor" inflicted welldeserved punishment upon the too fat, too amorous, too villainous, and too agreeable Sir John Falstaff, who was thrown into the cool surge from the buck-basket,

where he was coiled up amid the dirty linen, "like a piece of butcher's offal in a barrow." Pope's Villa, at Twicken-

ham, is by some considered one of the gems of the Thames. It was erected by a tea merchant, near the spot upon which the original Pope's

Villa stood; and some say that it is a cross between

Below Kingston a Chinese pagoda and a house of cards. Pope's famous Grotto, however, still remains; and though it has been despoiled of all that rendered it interesting, there are many who come here in humble pilgrimage.

The associations of Pope's Villa and gardens are literary, just as those of Strawberry Hill were fashionable, frivolous, and dilettante. In Pope's time, Twicken ham was the centre of literary interest in England; and if the poet was burdened with envy, malice, and discontent, his genius nevertheless certainly helped to illuminate the dark age in which he lived. Pope may well be called a child of the Revolution; for he was born in 1688, and "the little crooked thing that asked questions" died when the spirit of his age, after a period of transition, was passing into the larger and grander forms of 1744.





CHAPTER I.



HE old French town, the name of which the daughter of Henry VIII declared would be found engraved on her heart, was in high festival, the annual fair was in full swing; and, as

there had been some municipal elections on the same day, the streets were gaily decorated, and the shipping in the narrow, muddy ditch which does duty as a harbour had hoisted bunting of every conceivable hue and design. There were bands parading the street, and gaily dressed promenaders collected in little groups in the place in the centre of the town. The pier and the sands were quite deserted, everyone having flocked to the centre of attraction. When we say everyone, we are wrong; for, on a lonely portion, of the sands a man and woman were strolling, talking earnestly together.

The man was of average height, squarely built, with pointed beard and moustache, and the sparkling eyes and vivacity of manner which are characteristic of the denizen of southern France; indeed he was no other than M. Dagobert Roques, the well-known deputy, whose political utterances from the benches of the Extreme Left formed the delight of that party.

The girl was tall and slender, with the fair hair and soft, blue eyes which showed that Brittany claimed her as one of its

daughters, and she was gazing into her companion's face with a look of trustful innocence, which was inexpressibly touching.

"I cannot imagine how you can have contrived to exist in this dull place, my dear Clotilde; you are really not born to waste your charms in this miserable provincial hole," remarked M. Dagobert, as he complacently smoothed his beard.

"I have no option, Monsieur," answered Clotilde; "we are poor, and I have to

earn my living."

"Yes, by being companion to that old catamaran I heard abusing you, because you let her asthmatic poodle walk, the first time my enraptured eyes lighted on your charms," replied the deputy; "but we must rectify this, my Clotilde."

"I see no way," answered the girl, casting down her eyes. "Our parents are dead, and my brother, Eugène de Morbihan, has enlisted, and it will be long ere he can provide for me, even if he can ever do so."

"Trust to me, Clotilde," exclaimed Dagobert Roques enthusiastically; "I will provide for you a brilliant future. Paris is the city of enchantment, where fortunes are made by a wave of the enchanter's wand. Come with me, Clotilde, I leave in two days."

"But, Monsieur," answered the girl, a vivid scarlet overspreading her cheek, "you seem to forget—you do not—how am I to come with you, my reputation would

be utterly lost."

"Beloved one," returned Dagobert, assuming a theatrical pose, which he had often found effective in the debates of the

Assembly, "you know how I love you, and yet you do not trust me—can you believe that I would counsel you to do anything that would tarnish your fair fame? No, Clotilde, beneath this bosom beats the heart of a true republican, and the only thing he fears on this earth is to do wrong."

"Then you will wed me on our arrival in Paris?" asked Clotilde, gazing up into her lover's face. The flashy sophistry of the wily man of the world had won her, and she was but too anxious to believe

in him.

"Mechante," said he, taking her little hand in his, and tapping it playfully, "shall I not write up to Paris at once to

make all arrangements and see everything en train; but now let us settle about your journey, we must not go together, for that would cause a scandal. I will give you a letter to a good aunt of mine, who will receive you, and, the day following, I will join you. And now, cherished one, tell me, hast thou money—if not—?"

Blushing more deeply than ever, Clotilde assured him that she had sufficient for the journey, and then the lovers walked on, treading every moment upon the sands upon which so many vows are said to have been Long and earwritten. nestly they talked. Clotilde had, for a wonder, obtainedleave of absence for the whole day, and the deep shadows of evening were closing around them as they

turned up the gloomy street in which the apartments of Clotilde's mistress were situated, and took a tender farewell of each other at the door.

Five days had passed away since Clotilde and Dagobert had walked together on Calais sands. A pale moon shone fitfully at intervals, and feebly lighted up the blackened timbers of the pier, which, in the indistinct light, seemed like the skeleton of some antediluvian reptile. All was silent, save the mournful, lapping sound of the waters against the piles, and the occasional bursts of wind, which now came and now ceased, with extraordinary rapidity. All at once

there was heard rapid footsteps on the planks of the pier, and the moon, bursting from behind a cloud, beamed on the figure of a woman, enveloped in a long, black cloak. She had thrown back the hood, and her soft, fair hair flowed over her shoulders, whilst her blue eyes were fixed despairingly upon the dull, heaving surface of the waters.

"It has come to this," muttered she, half aloud; "I have come back to take one last look at the place where the dream began, which has cost me all, save my honour. There is no one upon earth who will help me, no one who will believe that I am innocent; and it is to heaven that I

now appeal."

She threw up her arms despairingly, and slowly mounted one of the seats at the end of the pier. At this moment a cloud passed over the face of the moon, there was a faint cry of "God, pardon me!" accompanied by a dull splash, and when the Queen of Night again showed her face, the pier was untenanted, and nothing was heard except the whistling of the breeze and the splashing of the waters amongst the dark piles.



"TO HEAVEN I NOW APPEAL."

### CHAPTER II.

Gaston Rondin had certainly achieved a great success. His picture had been well hung in the Salon, had been favourably noticed by the critics, and, what was better, sold at a fabulous price

to an American, who possessed an income of some five thousand dollars a minute, and could not have expressed himself gram matically in any language, even if he could have doubled his fortune by so doing. What better occasion, then, could Gaston find than this to rally his friends round him, to rejoice and make merry over his success. The evening had been a pleasant one—the wine had circulated freely, the health of the artist, the committee of the Salon, and of the wealthy American, had all been proposed and rapturously received; then the conversation became general, and the scent of cigarettes began to clog the atmosphere.

"Come and settle this question, which has arisen between Gaston and myself, mon cher Dagobert," exclaimed a young man suddenly, placing himself before the deputy, who was engaged in an animated philotechnic with a chorus lady belonging to the Eden Theatre. "Has a man, endowed with great and undoubted talents, the right to render us miserable by his exercise of them?"

"I am no cynic, M. Armand," answered Dagobert, "and have such a child-like belief in the inherent goodness of human nature, that I cannot believe anyone would

do so; whom do you accuse?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders, as if he did not put much faith in the deputy's exposition of his own character, and replied, after a short pause, "I refer to our host, Gaston Rondin, and if you will take the trouble to come with me, I will prove my case."

With a few apologetic words to his fair companion, Dagobert rose, and proceeded to a small room which opened out of the

main salon.

"There," exclaimed Armand, pointing to a small picture which hung upon the wall; "look, and tell me if a man who can paint lovely woman and stirring battle pieces has any right to execute a work which makes the

tears start from our eyes?"

The deputy drew close, and gazed earnestly at the sketch. It represented a long stretch of sand, the tide was out, and the first feeble gleams of dawn were reflected in the pools of salt water which still remained. The distant sea was half shrouded by a dim, grey mist, and the whole scene caused a shiver to creep over anyone examining it. In the foreground was the figure of a dead girl, whose body had been evidently abandoned by the receding waters. Her long, fair hair was dank and dishevelled, and in the widely opened blue eyes there was a look of intense despair.

"Bah, friend Armand," said the painter,
"is that what you rely on? Why it is only
a sketch I took on the sands at Calais when
I was last down there. I had gone out for
an early stroll, and found the poor girl's
body surrounded by a group of fishermen
and a couple of municipal guards, who had
been hastily summoned. I took a sketch of
the face, as the expression on it was a
remarkable one, and afterwards completed

the drawing from memory."

"Did you ever learn who she was?"

asked Armand.

"No," replied the artist. "I did hear something of there being a locket, with a man's photograph in it, round her neck; the old story I suppose, the old story."

"Well," cried Armand, "I do not care what you say, you have no right to paint pictures which make us wretched. What do you say M. Roques?"

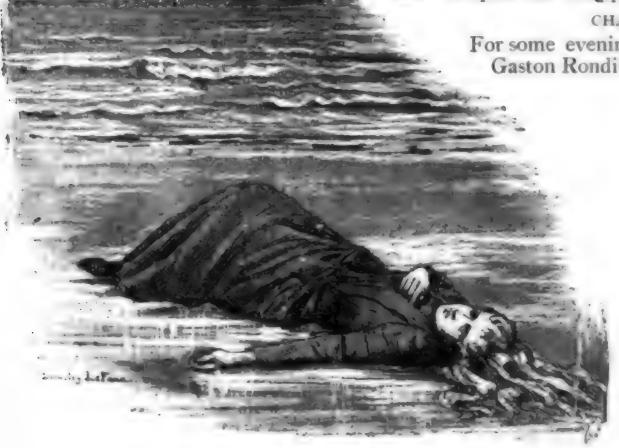
Both men turned round, but Dagobert

Roques had disappeared.

### CHAPTER III.

For some evenings after the party at M. Gaston Rondin's, the Deputy Dagobert

Roques felt exceedingly uncomfortable. He did not take any interest in his usual avocations, scarcely looked at the newspapers, drank a great deal too much absinthe, and felt completely hipped. All at once one of his political friends came to him with a proposal to pay a flying visit to London, to attend a political meeting which was going to be held there to



A DEAD GIRL, WITH WIDELY OPENED BLUE EVES.

discuss a political question which was engaging the attention of all Europe. Dagobert Roques jumped at the idea, and he and his friend started from the Gare du Nord by the night mail. All through the bumping and rattling of the train, the deputy seemed to hear the trustful accents which had sounded in his ear that day on Calais sands, and when he closed his eyes, to see that dead face with the brine of the sea gleaming in shining crystals in the long, At length Boulogne was fair tresses. passed, and in a short time the train rolled heavily into Calais station. As M. Dagobert leaped lightly down on to the platform, a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice muttered in his ear, "So you are here!"

The deputy looked round, and saw that the speaker was a young man, with fair hair and blue eyes, dressed in the uniform

of a sergeant of the line.

"What do you want with me, mon brave?" asked M. Dagobert, rather superciliously.

"I am Eugène de Morbihan," answered the young man, "the brother of Clotilde."

M. Dagobert shrugged his shoulders. "Well, and what then?" demanded he, with a sneer.

"I am going to kill you," returned the young man quietly.

"Ah, bah," answered the deputy; urgent?"

"threatened men live long; besides, I only

quarrel with my equals."

A veteran officer who accompanied the young man, and upon whose breast gleamed the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the Crimean and Italian medals, quietly remarked: "the bully of the Chamber may think it an honour to cross swords with a brave soldier, such as my young friend is."

"You shall answer to me for this insult,"

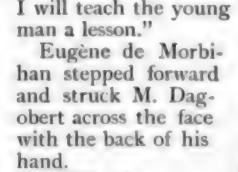
cried Dagobert furiously.

answered the deputy;

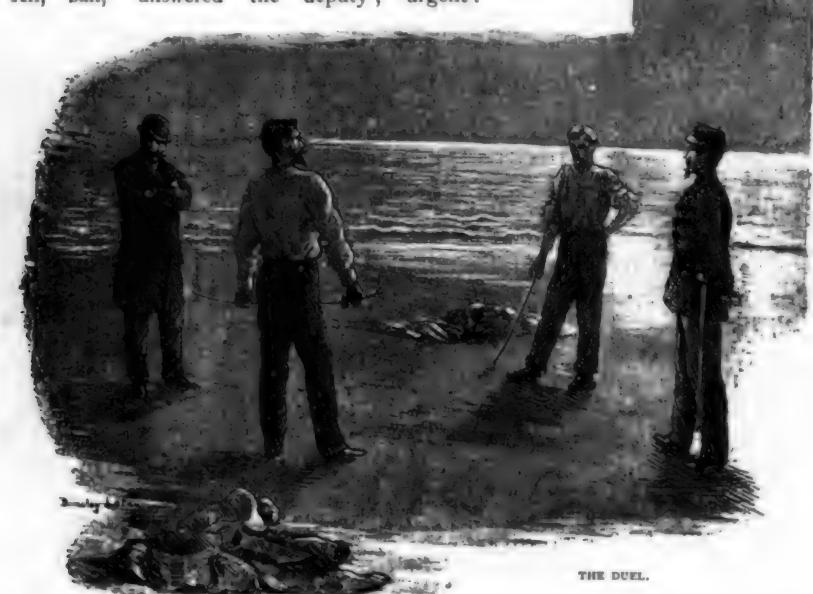
"but, on my return,

"After my friend has done with you, I am at your service," replied the officer; but, why waste time in words, you have a friend with you, shall I make arrangements with him?"

"I have important business in England,"



"Will this convince you," said he, "that the case is urgent?"



"Mon ami," said the deputy, turning to his friend, "will you act for me?"

"We can settle the matter at once," observed the old officer; "there is a full moon, and we have brought swords with us."

"Where shall we settle the affair?" asked M. Dagobert's friend, "we can hardly fight on the platform of the station."

"Where should we meet, but on Calais sands?" asked Eugène, and there was a sepulchral ring in his voice, which made

the deputy shiver.

No further time was lost, and in half-anhour the men stood facing each other on the sands. The tide was out, the moon bright, and the air clear. Afar off were the black timbers of the pier, which the waves lapped, with a low, soft murmur.

As Eugène threw off his coat and waistcoat, a silver locket was visible suspended round his neck, at the sight of which the

deputy gave a start.

"It was round Clotilde's neck when she was washed ashore," remarked the brother, "and contains your likeness; it has served its turn now, and may go. He snapped the string and hurled the trinket far away into the sea. "En garde!" he continued, and the blades met with a harsh, grating sound.

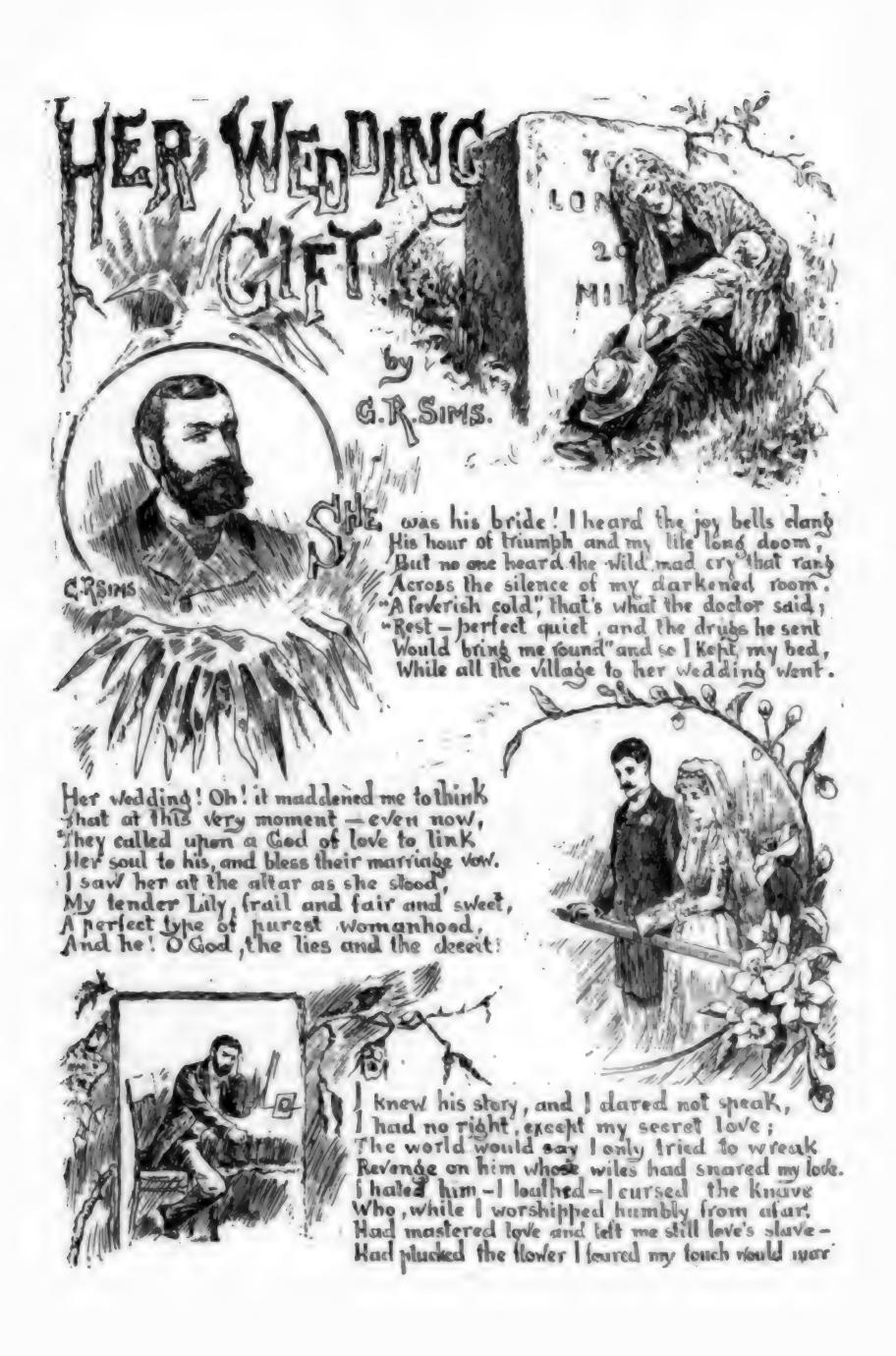
M. Dagobert was a skilled fencer, and had been engaged in many encounters; he attacked with vigour, but his thrusts were turned aside by the young man's blade, which seemed guided by a wrist of iron. Dagobert stepped back, surprised at the failure of his most intricate feints.

"Come," said Eugène, "this is child's play, and unworthy of men. This," he continued, with a thrust which pierced the deputy's shoulder, "is from me, and this from Clotilde." Dagobert Roques dropped his sword, threw up his arms, and fell

forward on his face, run through the heart.

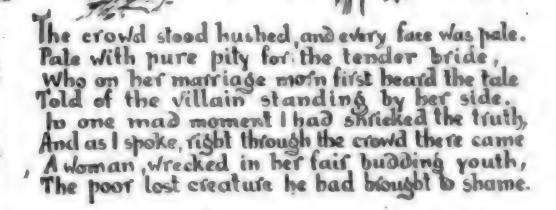
A cloud passed across the moon, and when the beams shone out again, they cast their light upon the body of the false wooer of Clotilde, lying motionless at the edge of the water, in much the same attitude as the poor girl had been found by the fisherfolk, on that misty morning upon Calais sands.

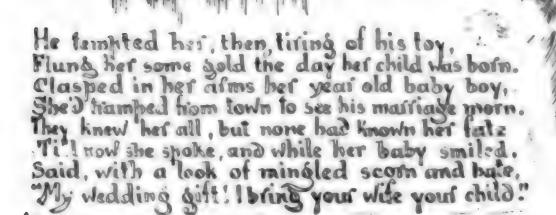


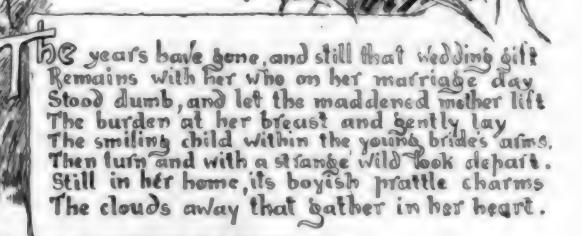




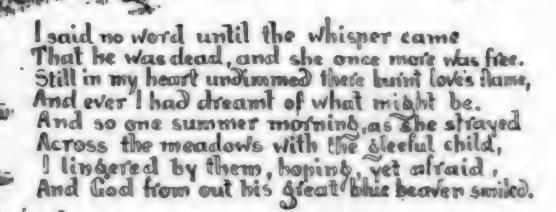
They saved my life -love does not kill outright.
Love lives to make life one long living death;
Light came at last - day after dreadful night,
And then they told me all with bated breath;
How at my curse she gave a startled cry,
And faintly let her dainly head droop down,
While he looked up and said, A madman's lie!"
And glanced around him with an antity frown.







The hapless mother's fate was guessed or known; And he who wrought the shame, fearing the scorn And scandal of the world, went forth alone, Leaving his bride e'en in her bridal hour. She wished it so - his deed her love bad slain. And so he went, and left her with a dower Of civel wrong, nor crossed her path again.



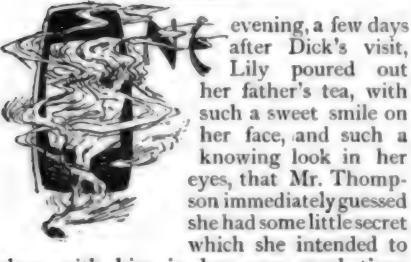
Smiled on us both, and in her lonely breast, l'looded with sunshine, bade new hope awake; And so we two, after the storm found rest, And love, the balm, for weary hearts that ache. With wedded hands we tread lite's primose way, but through our home rings out the boyish glee Of one who marred his father's bridal day; And bave, in God's acod time, the bride to me,





CHAPTER V.

SMOKE.



whilst they were taking tea, she was too excited to eat much; and he, tired after the labours of the day, had but a poor appetite. Still, she would not let him hasten over the meal; she insisted upon his having a second cup of tea, and made him eat the thin bread and butter which she had cut; and she warned him that, if he dared to disobey her behests, he would suffer the penalty of seeing a cross face and pouting

lips all the evening.

It was well that she did coax him to eat: for he pleaded loss of time as an excuse for taking his dinner at the Museum, whilst, in reality, he went without it altogether, to save the cost. Poverty had come; but he was determined that at first it should be felt by himself alone; and he found he could easily go without food in the middle of the day. When his mind was active. and his characters were playing their parts well, his pen ran swiftly across the paper; and it was a pretty picture that he drew for his readers. But at times the brain, illnourished with impoverished blood, was slow to seize upon the scene that he desired to portray; and then the quill lingered on each line, and all his characters seemed mere puppets.

This had been one of his bad days; and he had returned wearied, tired, and sad at heart. Lily's bright face, however, reminded him of his wife; and to see her thus, with the wound at his heart wide open still, was joy akin to misery; but he knew that the old must die; and he looked forward, without regret, to the time when he would rejoin the dear companion of his happy, bygone days.

He sighed as he rose from the table, and seated himself in the armchair by the fire; but Lily gaily bade him open his mouth and shut his eyes, and after a little delay, caused by his opening his eyes just wide enough to see, he obeyed. Then, he had not long to wait; he heard some paper unrolled, and a few seconds later, he felt something between his lips. It was—a

cigar.

He had not smoked since his wife's death; and this was a pleasant surprise. Then, he looked at the cigar, and seeing that it was very dark in colour, he became afraid that it would be very strong; but he did not say a word, as he drew Lily to him, and kissed her affectionately. He smelt

cigar, and then to please the girl, he looked as if he highly approved of her choice. He was not generally a good actor; but when he had lighted that cigar, and all his worst suspicions were



confirmed, he played his part wonderfully well. A man's dignity and pride support him on the field of battle, where men bleed and die because two other persons in safety far away have chanced to disagree; a martyr may comfort himself with thoughts of a better world when cruel bigots are leading him to the stake: and neither the soldier of the cross, nor he who is armed with the rifle and bayonet, is expected to suffer agony with a smile upon his face. To this, however, Philip Thompson was condemned; and words are wanting to describe his heroism.

Slowly, all too slowly, did that cigar pass away in smoke; the smile hung heavily upon his cheek, and his face turned paler and paler; the glowing spark went out, and had to be rekindled with increasing pains; torture, such as the Inquisition never devised, raked all the crevices of his inmost self; and yet he uttered neither wail nor cry.

"You naughty, extravagant papa, to throw away so much!" Lily exclaimed, when at last what remained of the cigar

was thrown into the fire.

The little maiden wondered what delight men could find in making chimneys of their mouths for smoke which smelt much worse than that which came from the coal fire; and whilst her father had been smoking, she had struggled, heroically, to keep down a cough, which fought, as only those can fight whose cause is freedom. But when the smoke of the cigar, smouldering in the hre, mingled with that already in the room, the captive in her throat burst its bonds asunder, and escaped. It seemed to Lily that the world was going round less smoothly than was its wont; and she felt like a weary traveller, who can find no rest upon the bosom of the ocean. Her father opened the window to let out the smoke; and when she had recovered, she did so wish it were not wrong to tell a little lie, for she wanted to say it was not the cigar which had given her the cough; and, alas! this was not true.

"Papa, I am glad you enjoyed your cigar so much; and I will often get you one

now," she said.

"My pet," he answered, finding the toils around him faster than mortal man could bear, "I have a confession to make to you; but you must not be angry with your poor papa."

He spoke very sorrowfully, and she pitied

him. Still, she did not speak, for kisses are not words; and that was all the answer

that the little maiden gave.

Just then the door was opened, and the alderman came in. He did not, however, go to his usual place before the fire; he began to sniff, in a way that was very trying to the nerves of Lily and her father; and as he took out his case, he remarked that a good cigar was the only protection a man could find against the foul smell which pervaded the room.

"Well, how are you getting on?" the alderman asked in a condescending tone, when he had smoked the cigar for some time, and had taken his favourite place.

"Pretty well, thank you," Philip

Thompson answered.

"Your money must be running short, eh?" the alderman said.

"Yes, William," the poet answered.

"Well," continued the alderman, "the president of the Universal Benevolent Society was telling me the other day of some alms-houses for decayed gentle-folks. They are not quite up to Hampton Court, you know; but still there's an allowance in cash and coals; and it's not a bad place, after all. As vice-president of the society, I have influence; and you have no idea what power I have as an alderman of the City of London."

"I will not accept charity," the elder

brother answered.

The alderman did not like to see his brother playing with Lily's hair, and looking happy in spite of his misfortunes, as he gazed at her with love and tenderness.

"Now, look here, Philip, just stop that fooling, and listen to me, will you? That woman, who calls herself your wife, has been to the house again," the alderman said in a solemn tone; and he placed on the table before Lily and her father a visiting card, upon which was printed, "Mrs. Philip Thompson."

"Well?" Philip Thompson enquired.

"Well!" the alderman exclaimed, "it is not well. I wash my hands of the whole affair; and you must take your own course."

The alderman was pleased to see that Lily's face bore a terrified look, and he went away immediately, without saying good-night.

"Oh, papa," said the girl, "you were not going to confess that you had married again so soon, and without saying a word about it

to me."

"No, no, my child," her father answered,

been known

"it was something else, but rather difficult

to tell you now."

"But, papa, you must not conceal anything from me. You made me promise to tell you everything: and the cigar was not really a secret, you know, papa," she said, playing with his beard, "for I told you, after all."

"Yes, child, you did; and it was about that cigar I had to make my confession," he

"About the cigar, papa!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, pet," he said, taking her hands in his, and hoping that he would not offend her, "I was a great hypocrite when I was smoking that cigar."

"A hypocrite, papa!"

"Yes, Lily, I tried to smile and look

happy; but the cigar—"

"Yes, papa."
"The cigar was the worst that I ever smoked in my life. You will not be very angry with me, Lily, pet," he pleaded.

"Oh you poor, dear papa!" she exclaimed, smiling. He could see she was not cross; but her look

was an aggravating one, and he could not help thinking that his own child was making fun of him.

"You did act so well, papa," she continued, "and I thought you were enjoying it so much; and you do not know what I suffered "—here her face looked sad—"for the smell was something terrible, and I could scarcely keep myself from choking."

It was now the father's turn to smile, and Lily pouted; and he had to touch her lips with his to win her pardon.

"But how did you come to buy it, Lily?"

her father asked.

"I passed a shop in Tottenham Courtroad; and I read on a card in the window, 'The best cigar in London for two pence.' I thought it was cheap, and so I bought you one. I was a little goose; and you are a dear kind papa to forgive me so quickly."

They chatted on for some time; but Lily no longer thought of the woman who had aroused her jealousy; and neither she nor her father knew that a storm was gathering over their heads. CHAPTER VI.

### THE NURSE.

Between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, the night-nurses at the hospitals are expected to sleep; but the head night-nurse of the London Fever Hospital easily obtained leave of absence one morning a few days after the papers had announced the death of Mrs. Philip Thompson. The nurse went to the poet's residence, and gave her name as Mrs. Thompson, though at the hospital she had

Miss Smith. She claimed Philip as her husband, and she wanted him to marry her again as quickly as he could without causing scandal. When he denied her, she be-

came angry; but she received the five pound note which the unhappy poet sent her; and then, after waiting some time outside the house, she saw Lily, Philip, and Alderman Thompson come out and enter the mourning carriage. The father and daughter, overcome by sorrow, did not notice her; but the alderman looked around carefully, and for once in his life, he was more anxious to see, than to be the observed of all beholders.

The city magnate did not walk with his ordinary pomposity. His hands and arms were before his body, instead of being in their usual position, behind his back, where

they helped to balance the huge mass of flesh in front of the spinal column. His shoulders were inclined forwards and inwards; and he had something of the appearance of a balloon reversed, walking about on a pair of massive legs.

"What is the woman like, who calls herself Mrs. Philip Thompson?" he asked his brother, but the poet's thoughts were far away, and he only made a sign for the alderman to enter the carriage, in which

Lily was already seated.

His Worship entered the carriage as quickly as he could; and, as a result of his haste, he stumbled. He was not hurt, but all the way to the cemetery he looked as if he wanted to swear; and in his rage he tore his new black gloves into shreds, whilst engaged in a vain attempt to put the

pair of eights on his large hands.

At the cemetery he waddled after the coffin, looking altogether discontented with the mean limits of human life; and when he recognised a woman whom he had seen when he was leaving the house in Gloucester Grove, he guessed that he had discovered the person who had claimed his brother as her husband; and he stopped for a moment, and stared malignantly at the nurse, who had come from Gloucester Grove in a cab. The woman turned away, apparently afraid of him; and then the alderman recovered his self-possession, and hastened, as fast as his legs would take him, after the sad procession, which had now reached the little chapel.

When the mourners came to the grave, the nurse went to a spot from which she could watch the face of the man whom she had claimed as her husband; and whilst the solemn service was proceeding, she looked at him all the time, and must have noticed how acute was the agony which he was suffering. Then, wending her way from the grave, she seemed lost in thought; and perhaps she came to the conclusion that for some time she would not trouble Philip Thompson again. At any rate, she did not return to 9, Gloucester Grove, for

three months.

The next time she went to what for many years had been the poet's home, she was told that the family was at Romford; and a fortnight later, when she again enquired for Mr. Thompson, she was informed that he was out, but that Mrs. Thompson was at home. This surprised the nurse; but she expressed a desire to see Mrs. Thompson, and was shown into the drawing-room by

the servant, to whom she had given one of the cards, which she had ordered on pur-

pose for this occasion.

Mrs. William Thompson was much agitated when she came down to see the caller, upon whose black-edged cards the name of Mrs. Philip Thompson was printed. The alderman had not taken the wife of his bosom into his confidence; and she was, in fact, one of the few people whom he never thought of trusting. She supposed that her brother-in-law had married again with indecent haste; but she did not dare to offend the second wife, lest her husband should disapprove of her conduct, and make her suffer for her temerity.

The two women sat down and talked about the weather. The nurse looked bold and resolute, whilst the alderman's wife was timid, and afraid that she might make her husband angry, either by omission or commission. She tried to steer a middle course; but her nervousness was apparent, and the nurse inferred that Philip's relations

were all aware of his guilt.

"Philip has gone away from here for a

little while," the caller observed.

"Yes, but we shall always be very glad to have him amongst us," the hostess replied; and she felt very proud of her diplomacy, because, in answering politely, she had asked her brother-in-law, without committing herself as to his new wife.

"What rent do you pay him?" the

nurse asked.

The poor little woman looked at her visitor for a moment, and then cunningly replied, "I leave all matters of business to

my husband, the alderman."

The nurse now produced the certificate of marriage, showing when, where, and before whom, a marriage ceremony was performed by which Philip Thompson, bachelor, and Mary Smith, spinster, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

"Do you know either of these witnesses?" she asked, pointing to the signatures of the

witnesses

The alderman's wife looked at the paper; but she was so nervous that her hands shook, and the words seemed to be swimming about on the paper.

"Do you know Mr. Soper?" the visitor demanded, mentioning the first of the two

names.

"Why, of course I do," the poor lady answered. "Is he not my own husband's junior partner?" "What does he look like?" the hospital

nurse asked.

"Oh! he's a little man," the lady replied, feeling more at home, now that she had to talk about some one she knew, and that person so insignificant a creature as little Soper.

"What else is he like?"

"He's short," was the answer.

"Do you know nothing else about him?" the nurse demanded, again startling the poor alderman's wife with her shrill domineering voice.

"Of course I do! He likes to be called Sower instead of Soper, because the Cholmon-

deleys call themselves Chumleys, and the Majoribanks are Marchbanks."

"Is he a handsome man?" the buxom woman asked: but when she saw a little nervous smile on the poor lady's face, she added: "Of course I know he's not; but I should like you to describe him."

"He's a little fellow," the alderman's

wife repeated, giving a little inane grin. "Won't you take a glass of wine?" The nurse said she would not mind if she did, and Mrs. Thompson rose to take the wine and glasses from the sideboard.

"I like a glass of wine now and then," the lady of the house remarked. "It gives one courage. I am not afraid of a mouse or a spider, or that sort of thing; but people often terrify me. Still I'm never afraid of little Soper, for he is so volatile."

"What a funny little fellow he was, when I knew him! And you don't think he has changed at all, Mrs. Thompson?" the nurse remarked.

"Not at all," the little woman answered gaily. "One could turn him round one's little finger, without any difficulty; and he is such fun."

"He must, I suppose, have grown older, like the rest us." the nurse suggested.

like the rest us," the nurse suggested.

"Well, yes, I suppose he must," Mrs.
Thompson said, slowly and deliberately, as if it were necessary for her to think before she made such a rash statement.

"Yes, he seems as young as ever, you know," she added gaily, "and he still fancies that everyone is in love with his own little self."

"He always was a funny fellow, and he

kissed me after the marriage ceremony," the nurse remarked.

"Of course he did. He does not want much of an excuse to kiss anyone. He was the first to kiss me as a bride, and the impudent little fellow declared, only a week before I was married, that he was sure I was in love with him. He said that he ought not

to be held responsible for his handsome face and bright eyes; and that I was not to break my heart for him, as I had promised myself to another, and he never could be mine"

The nurse laughed, and the little woman was much pleased to find that she could even amuse so important a personage as her buxom visitor.

"Do you remember the name of John Wilkinson?" the nurse asked, as she filled her own wine glass and that of the lady of the house.

Mrs. Thompson could not remember the name, but she tried to think as she sipped



her second glass of wine. She shook her head sadly as she put down her glass; but this the nurse quietly refilled, and the generous port soon unloosened the weak

woman's tongue.

"Philip is a good husband," she said after a little while in answer to one of the nurse's numerous questions. "He loved Lily dearly; and he let her do what she liked with her money. She was never forced to place threepenny pieces in the plate, whether the collection was for the ordinary church expenses or for the poor; and one ought to give more than threepence a week in charity. Of course my husband gives ever so much himself, and I am not complaining; but there is such a sameness between one Sunday and another, when you always put a threepenny piece on the plate."

"Why it would be quite a change to put in nothing one week and a sixpence the

next," the nurse remarked.

"Indeed, it would. But the alderman does not think it respectable to pass on the plate without putting anything in; and he might see if one only made pretence."

"Philip would not mind," the nurse said, hoping to bring the conversation back to

him.

"Philip is a poet, and that makes all the difference. He does not even care to subscribe to the charities that are advertised in the papers. The alderman gave him the chance to have his name in the list, so that the two Thompsons might come together; but Philip would not give him a mite, saying he preferred to have Lily give away her spare funds to those she knew were

deserving."

"Of course I did not really mean a mite," Mrs. Thompson continued after a momentary pause. "I should have said a guinea; but the alderman often calls them City mites. He wanted Mrs. Thompson to come in the lists just under Mr. Alderman Thompson, and then people would have thought it was I who gave the money. This would not have mattered to Lily, for she never cared to have anyone know about the good she did; but she vexed the alderman terribly by refusing, and of course he did not often let me go to see her afterwards. He would not even let me take a last look at her when she was dead; and I did so wish to see her once again."

"Philip was kind to her, you said, did

you not?" the nurse asked.

"He was the kindest and fondest husband in the world. He never scolded her; and

all he cared for, besides her and the little girl, was his poetry. He might have been a great writer, had he wished; but he had no ambition. He would not even go to a Lord Mayor's banquet."

"Of course, your husband goes very

often?" the nurse enquired.

"He never misses one. He's an alderman of the City of London, and says it is his duty, as a man and a citizen, to stand by the powers that be. There are some people, whom he calls Socialists, who will not sit down to the common banquet, and who are such unsocial people that they want to do away with it. But the alderman says that it is only right for the City Companies to dine together; for if there be a national institution more than another, it is that of celebrating an interesting event, or promoting a friendly feeling, by a common meal."

"He takes a little more than he should,

I suppose?" the nurse suggested.

"Nothing of the sort!" the little woman exclaimed with more energy than anyone would have supposed her to possess. "He is no more a drunkard than I am, because I choose to take a glass of wine with a friend, every now and then."

There was a long pause; and then the visitor rose to leave. "You are not angry

with me?" she said.

"Oh! no," the lady of the house answered, "but my husband is a man of whom any woman might be proud. He is loved and respected by all who know him; and he's an alderman of the City of London."

When the door was closed, the little woman sat down again to gaze into the fire; she knew that her husband had been invited to dine that evening in the hall of one of the livery companies, and she prayed that he might not illtreat her when he returned; and then she took another glass of wine, and then another, to strengthen her to bear his blows in case of need.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Samuel Soper had risen in the world, and had gained a little knowledge; he had become a partner in the firm of Thompson and Company; he kept a good balance at his banker's, and had money in the funds; and he was able to wear diamond rings on his fingers, and to imitate the dress and manners of the most vicious men about

town. His sudden acquisition of wealth had, however, only added to his self-confidence; and though his history, as narrated in the Daily Recorder, was well known in the City, he never allowed this or any other circumstance to diminish his stupendous estimate of his own importance; and though his complexion had never lost the unhealthy hue caused by want during the first eighteen years of his life, he nevertheless felt highly flattered when anyone called him the "Adonis of Bucklersbury," a name given to him in the first instance by the caustic pen of the writer of the City article in the Star.

"My dear alderman," the little man said directly he had entered the senior partner's private office on the afternoon of the day when the nurse had her interview with the alderman's wife, "I have made the enquiries you wished, and I have learned that Miss Smith, the head night nurse of the London Fever Hospital, went there with an introduction from your father some little time before his death. She's been at the hospital ever since, and is supposed to be a single woman; and I can't find out that she either has or ever has had any encumbrances. But now that I have traced your sister-inlaw to her lair, and have learned her history, what is to be the next move?"

"However unpleasant the task, to see justice done is a duty that we all owe to society," was the alderman's vague reply.

"Look here, old man," continued Samuel Soper, "tell me what your little game is, and let us understand one another. Playing blindman's-buff won't do either of us any good. Am I to understand that you want to provide this woman with a husband? If so, I've a 'eart—warranted sound, eighteen carat, hall marked, and fast colours—to dispose of at selling-off prices. When, after

waiting months in anxious expectation, I first handled her card and then set eyes on 'er, I said to myself: 'So'er, me boy, there's a full-blown rose for you to pluck. Owin' to the neglect of your early edification, you've taken a back seat in the marriage market-place, and no woman 'as been willing to marry you, and wealthy enough to make it worth your while to change your condition. Now, your complexion, So'er, me boy, is a-coming off, and so is the 'air off yer 'ead; you're beginning to feel the want of a companion; and if you were to marry a handsome woman who 'as not been accustomed to luxury and extravagances, she might keep 'ouse for you and cost little more than she saves.' When I'd said this politely to meself, meself politely said to I: 'Right you are Samuel. And as there's Mary Smith on the war path, seeking to bag a husband, you wouldn't mind standin' proxy for the one she's 'unting, if there were a reasonable consideration in the shape and form of a dowry, or otherwise.'"

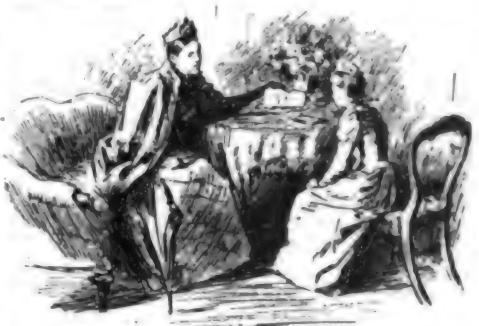
"No, no, Soper, you must not covet your neighbour's wife, you know you mustn't. It, as I fear, my poor misguided brother was married to the hospital nurse, he must take her back, and atone, as far as he can, for the past. What you propose, Soper, is nothing more or less than bigamy: and you must know that an alderman of the City of London could never be a party to a crime. Remember this, too, Samuel Soper, that sooner or later every sin is found out, and that the way of transgressors is hard, If my brother is guilty, it is only right that he should suffer; but I pity his daughter, upon whom he has brought unmerited shame and disgrace."

"But why," enquired Samuel Soper, "is the budding Lily, which your brother has planted in the garden of Bloomsbury, left to unfold her beauties in solitude?"

"Soper, you're a fool; you know you are," the alderman said angrily.

"When I compare my intelligence with the mighty ocean of brain belonging to you, upon which I have floated to my present landing-stage, I know I'm nothing but a bubble; but if you were to compare me with some tiny stream or brooklet, you'd find me a roaring torrent, alderman, indeed you would."

"You don't look it, Soper," the alderman replied; and, certainly, the little man did not.



THE NURSE PRODUCED THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

"I don't pretend to be a lion," the manikin answered in a dignified tone. "But as your jackal, I'm useful; and that no man can deny."

"I never said you weren't," snarled the

alderman.

"Then don't," retorted Samuel Soper, "or you'll find that even a worm will turn when he gets tired of being trodden on."

The little fellow wriggled about on his chair, and contorted his features in a way that would have been alarming to any person unacquainted with Samuel Soper's eccentricities; but the alderman fully understood that his jackal only wanted humouring; and, possibly, because he could not dispense with the services of his small ally, he began to play the part of a gracious sovereign.

"The master of the Bakers' Company died last evening, and the company's dinner, to which I was going, has been postponed; so, if you don't mind taking pot luck, I'll call for Lily and take her home with us. But mind this, Soper, my friend, if the hospital nurse was married to Philip, as I am afraid she was, Dick will be entitled to all the Montgomery money," the alderman

"Is that how the wind blows? Well, I'd just like to know what I'm to get out

of this little job."

said, emphatically.

"Please don't talk shop out of business hours, Samuel Soper. It's not good form, I assure you; and the girl herself is a much better subject for conversation. She's about your size, you know; and I wouldn't mind giving a trifle to get her respectably settled."

The little man only winked his eye in answer, and then the two partners started for Keppel Street. Lily received the invitation, and Philip Thompson told the alderman he thought a little outing would do his daughter good. Samuel Soper helped Lily into the carriage, and, whilst they were on the way to Gloucester Grove, he talked of parties, balls, and theatres, of which subjects the little maiden knew no-The funny little man amused her, however; and he flattered himself that she had fallen in love with him. It was a delusion of his that girls were continually throwing down their conquered hearts at his feet; and as she was not one of the fine creatures whom he admired, he supposed that she would be all the more eager to secure possession of a person so desirable.

When they reached the alderman's house, he thought that the drive had been

all too short, and he offered his hand to assist her in alighting, in a way that would have done honour to a gay cavalier of the Merry Monarch's court; but little Soper's exaggerated courtesy unfortunately caused a street urchin of the nineteenth century to

grin from ear to ear.

"Well, my love," said the alderman to his wife, when they had entered the drawing room, "here I am, you see, all in good time for dinner, and ready for it, too. Here's Lily, and here's your old friend, So'er. I'm sure you'll give them a hearty welcome for their own sakes; so I need not remind you that it is our duty to show hospitality in order that we may uphold the reputation of the City and Corporation of London, to which it is my proud privilege to belong."

"You will be Lady Mayoress next year, Mrs. Thompson," Samuel Soper said, "and for the generosity of your dainty disposition you will be known as Lady Bountiful."

"But, William," said the bewildered lady to her husband, "there is no dinner. You told me you would not be back before midnight."

"I said, my love, that I might not be back to dinner, but never mind. We'll take pot-luck, and share with you what you would have had if we had stayed away."

"William," said the poor little woman, bursting into tears, "there really is no dinner. I told the servant that I should not require any; and there's nothing in the house, and the cook has gone out."

The alderman scowled at his wife, and poor Mrs. Thompson tried to explain, but she broke down, and could only mutter something which was unintelligible to her hearers; and then finding that all her efforts were useless, she ceased to control her emotion, and immediately began to sob violently.

"Mary," answered the alderman, "you do not seem to be quite yourself, and I am sorry to see it. You promised me that you would never touch the brandy bottle again

before dinner."

The alderman took out a large pocket handkerchief, and with this he wiped away

an imaginary tear.

"It's not what I've taken that has upset me, William," Mrs. Thompson answered. "Philip's wife has been here, and I thought that you were not coming home till late. Your stepmother seems a very pleasant woman, Lily; and I hope you will be happy with her."

"I have no stepmother, aunt," Lily answered. The girl had thought at first that her uncle was complaining without reason; but she now noticed how excited her aunt looked, and the explanation seemed to her vague, inconsequent, and untruthful.

"Philip has married again, and Mr. Soper, who's standing there, was one of the

witnesses."

"My dear madam, you must be making

a mistake," Soper answered.

"Madam," said the alderman, "you are possessed with a devilish spirit, whose name

is Brandy."

"I don't know whether I am standing on my head or my heels, William, when you look at me like that," the poor woman replied. "Please let me off this time, and I'll promise not to do it again. I only took a couple of glasses of wine with Philip's wife."

"You shall show me where I am to put my hat and cloak, aunt, if you do not mind," Lily said, leading the weeping

woman from the room.

"Such is the burden that I have to bear," the alderman said, as the ladies were leaving the room, and then he gave a moan, which would have done honour to an Adelphi victim to melodrama.

"I'm a gone coon," said Samuel Soper,

when the door was closed.

"Come to the smoking-room, and have a weed," the alderman replied. "We shan't get our dinner yet a while, that's certain."

When they had lighted their cigars, Samuel Soper threw himself into an attitude

of admiration, and said:

"She's as fair as any lily, and as beautiful

as a butterfly."

"She is a foolish little girl, and not a woman at all," the alderman answered.

"There's truth in that, certainly," Samuel Soper said, exchanging his sentimental simper for a knowing look. "The girls are only the raw material out of which women are manufactured by Father Time and Co."

"Samuel Soper," said the alderman, in his most dulcet tone, "either through kissing the Blarney stone or the barmaids, you've got a way with you that's most taking; and without hurting Lily's feelings you might just let her know that you were present when my brother married Polly Smith, of Croydon, five-and-twenty years ago; and let her understand that the woman has turned up, and has claimed her husband."

Samuel Soper whistled; and then as the

alderman scowled at him, he looked as if

he could not say bo! to a goose.

"She has given him his liberty all these years; but she can't do without her husband any longer. She has fallen in love with his pretty face; and if he won't go back to her, she'll sue for restitution of conjugal rights. We must help her to capture the false one; but I must not be seen in this business—you understand, Soper."

"What am I to get when the order is signed, or when the parties arrange matters amicably together?" Samuel Soper

enquired.

"A thousand pounds," answered the

alderman.

"That's business, and I do understand,"

Samuel Soper replied.

Lily then entered the room, and told her uncle that dinner was ready. She also asked the gentlemen to excuse her aunt, who had a bad headache, and would take a cup of tea upstairs. Samuel Soper offered Lily his arm, and led her off in triumph, just as the alderman was about to declare that he had plenty of servants, and that it was not necessary for any one of his guests to have the trouble of announcing dinner.

The large table had been laid, as if for a feast, though there was only a steak; and the alderman made many excuses for the fare, and looked more starched and pom-

pous than usual.

Samuel Soper cast many amorous glances at Lily, who was sitting opposite him; and he declared that he had never been so

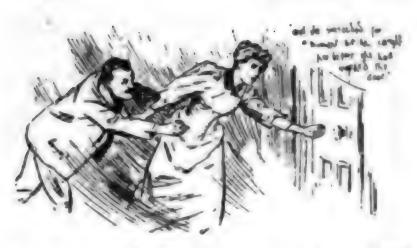
happy before in his whole life.

The alderman finished his meal as quickly as possible; and then he arose to apologise, because a calamity had happened in his household, and had caused him to break the sacred laws of hospitality, which even the uncivilised Arabs respected. He spoke as if he were addressing a vast assembly of starving guests; he wiped away innumerable imaginary tears; and he dwelt tenderly on famous banquets, and compared them with a tough steak.

"I never knew, until now, how pleasant and satisfying it is to feed one's eyes upon a Lily fair, unfolding her beauties to the desert air," Samuel Soper observed, when the alderman had finished his oration. "I shall now let my hair grow long; and the taper of conviviality may flicker and go out, whilst I bask in the sunshine of

flowers."

Lily wondered if there were any sane



persons in this extraordinary household. The attendants had looked as if their dignity had been compromised by being present upon this occasion; and her uncle and Samuel Soper seemed to lack common sense.

"My honoured and esteemed guests," said the alderman, again addressing his niece and Soper, "overcome by my emotion, I shall be forced to retire; but I believe, in spite of appearances, that I can still promise you a cup of coffee each." He then partly covered his face with his handkerchief, and walked out of the room, in a way that he deemed suitable to a civic father who was willing to do and die in the defence of the dinners and other privileges of the City and Corporation of London.

When the attendants had brought coffee, and had retired, Samuel Soper looked at Lily with a critical air, and then, to show that he was satisfied with the object of his scrutiny, he winked his eye. But the little maiden was afraid of her companion, and did not appreciate the attention; and she would have left the room, had she known whither she could go for protection.

"Mystery and disappointment, they say, are often companions of love," Samuel Soper remarked; but as he put his hand over his heart, and looked as if he were suffering from spasms of that organ, he only increased Lily's apprehensions.

"There are some things in heaven and earth, Miss Lily, concerning which it were sacrilege to speak aloud," he continued. "To this class ghosts belong, and, I think I may add, skeletons in family cupboards."

"Mr. Soper," Lily said, "if you will kindly excuse me, I will go to my aunt's room now, and see if she is better."

"Miss Lily, I have a dread secret to reveal to you! I will break it to you as gently as I can," Samuel Soper continued, after Lily had risen from her chair; "and if you faint, I will catch you in these arms of mine, which were only made to do you service."

"I do wish you would speak plainly, Mr. Soper," Lily answered, trying to smile.

Samuel Soper stretched out his arms, and then said in a sad but solemn tone:—

"When your father was a young man he sowed his wild oats; and I should not be surprised if he were now forced to reap the harvest. I was a witness to your father's marriage to Miss Mary Smith, who is still living; and when he married Miss Lily Montgomery some years later, he committed bigamy."

Samuel Soper's words did not have the effect which he had anticipated, and Lily looked so fiercely at the little man that he feared she would box his ears instead of fainting, as he thought a well-behaved

young female should have done.

Lily walked quickly towards the door; but Samuel Soper immediately seized her hand, and forcibly detained her.

"Leave me alone, sir," she said angrily.
"Sit down, Lily, I want to talk to you,"
the little man replied.

"I do not wish to listen to you, and I will not," she answered. "Your behaviour has offended and disgusted me; and you have said things about my father which you must have known to be false."

"Don't weep, my pretty flower," Samuel Soper continued, "it will take the bloom

off your cheeks."

He used a little force to make the girl sit down; but she resisted him and screamed for help. He had taken more wine with the steak than was good for him, but he remembered that the alderman did not like scenes, and he tried to appease the girl's anger by promising not to tell the tale of her father's infamy.

"My father is innocent," she said proudly, "and I will not make any agreement with

you.

Lily then made a violent effort to free herself from his grasp, and she succeeded for a moment, but he caught her before she had reached the door. She was alarmed, and again she screamed for help; and whilst she was struggling with Soper the alderman entered the room.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Oh, uncle," she exclaimed, "what have I done that you should subject me to insult like this?"

The auctioneer was seriously alarmed by the violence of her emotion; but he only replied that he was sure no one would be insulted in his house, and that she must be mistaken. "Let me go home at once, please do,"

she pleaded.

"You are excited now, and must wait a few minutes whilst they are getting the carriage ready," he answered; and then he led her from the room, and in the library he begged her to be calm, and to take a glass of wine.

"I only want to go home, uncle," she

said, still weeping.

"Well, well, you shall go," he answered; and he rang the bell, and stood in the doorway to tell the footman to order the

carriage.

"Come, come," he said, "you must wipe your eyes, and look bright again, or you will frighten your father when you get back. No one must know of this but you and me; for your father has enough trouble to bear already, and I know you would not like to

add to his burden."

He said what he could to comfort Lily; and when the carriage was announced he led her along the hall and down the steps, He did not leave her until she was comfortably seated in the brougham; and before he told the coachman to drive to Keppelstreet he gave his niece a kiss. He was sad when he returned to the house, but when he saw Soper he immediately recovered his usual sneer.

"You have performed your task very well," he observed, "but what you've done is child's play in comparison with what

you've got to do."

"Suppose I were to strike, and refuse to do any more of your dirty work, for a

paltry thousand a year what then?" Samuel Soper asked.

"Let us be serious, my good friend," the alderman said. "I have to tell you that there is a foul conspiracy to get rid of us, and if we don't stir ourselves we may be turned out of house and home, and find ourselves in the dock at the Old Bailey."

"Conspiracy be blowed!" the little man

"It will take a deal of blowing, Soper; but that can't be helped. Polly Smith, you have heard, has been here again to-day; and we must act at once."

Samuel Soper, however, did not reply; perhaps he thought there had been acting enough for one day, or he may have wished his partner to be a little more explicit.

"I should never have recognised her again," the alderman continued, after a

long pause.

"You are not as slim as you were at eighteen," Samuel Soper said, smiling, "and a woman alters more than a man between eighteen and forty."

"It's a stern fact that we are growing older every day," the alderman said sorrowfully.

"Don't be squeamish, old man," Samuel Soper remarked. "What I want to know is what's to be done, and what's to be

gained by it."

"You might see this hospital nurse, and let her know that you were one of the witnesses to the marriage, and that you can swear that Philip was the man who married her. Safety is to be gained by it if she takes proceedings, or if Philip runs away; and we are both in the same boat, you know."

"I could turn Queen's evidence, whilst you couldn't, and that makes all the difference," the little man replied.

"This, my friend," said the alderman is no time for angry recriminations. "We are told in a holy place that the peace-makers

> are blessed; and I am quite willing to let bygones be bygones."

> "Do you mean that I am to have another extra thousand for doing this?" Soper asked.

The alderman acknowledged that such was his meaning; and the little man lighted one of his partner's cigars, and then took his departure.







MRS. SPARROW WENT TO THE WITCH OWL.

Dick Robin and Miss Jenny Titmouse spent nearly all their time together. They were firm friends until Mrs. Sparrow, Jenny's step-mother, tried to keep the young couple apart; and then, strange to say, they at once became lovers.

Jenny had been sent out by her stepmamma to gather grass-seed for her young step-brothers; and Dick Robin, who met her either by chance or by appointment, helped her to turn over the haycocks.

We know very well what took place, for the high born Goldfinch was present upon this occasion, and he has told us all about it. The lovers laboured in the hay field, with some few intervals for bread and cheese and kisses, until the sun was setting; and then Dick, with all the eloquence which he could command, offered his hand and heart to Jenny.

Jenny blushed almost the colour of Dick's breast, upon which she rested her pretty little face, whilst she said "yes" in so low a tone that Master Goldfinch could not have heard the word, if his ears had not been sharpened by jealousy.

Master Goldfinch hastened away to Mrs. Sparrow's abode; and he told his story, and



THE BIRD HERALD ANNOUNCED THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

then remarked that Jenny was too young to know her own mind. Dick Robin, he said, was an upstart; and Jenny was far too good for him.

That night, Mrs. Sparrow went to consult the witch Owl, a very wicked old woman, who could brew mischief enough for the whole bird world; and Jenny's step-mamma put Discord into the magic pot, which the

witch Owl herself stirred up.

The very next morning, when the birds awoke from their slumbers, the Bird Herald was in great demand, and its circulation was doubled; for, on its contents bill, it was announced that war had been declared between the Robins and the Sparrows.

This bad news was not believed at first, but it proved all too true. The king of the Sparrows and the king of the Robins had quarrelled; and the monarchs, who had no intention of risking their own precious lives, ordered their subjects to fight upon their behalf, and in their stead.

Dick Robin had to proceed to the seat of the war, but first he wished to say good-bye to Jenny. Mrs. Sparrow had shut her stepdaughter up in her baronial hall; but the young couple met at the lattice window,



and much billing and cooing went on. THE YOUNG COUPLE MET AT THE LATTICE WINDOW.

A FIELD MOUSE ASKED JENNY TO SPIN A MAGIC SCARF.



DICK SOUNDED THE CALL TO ARMS.

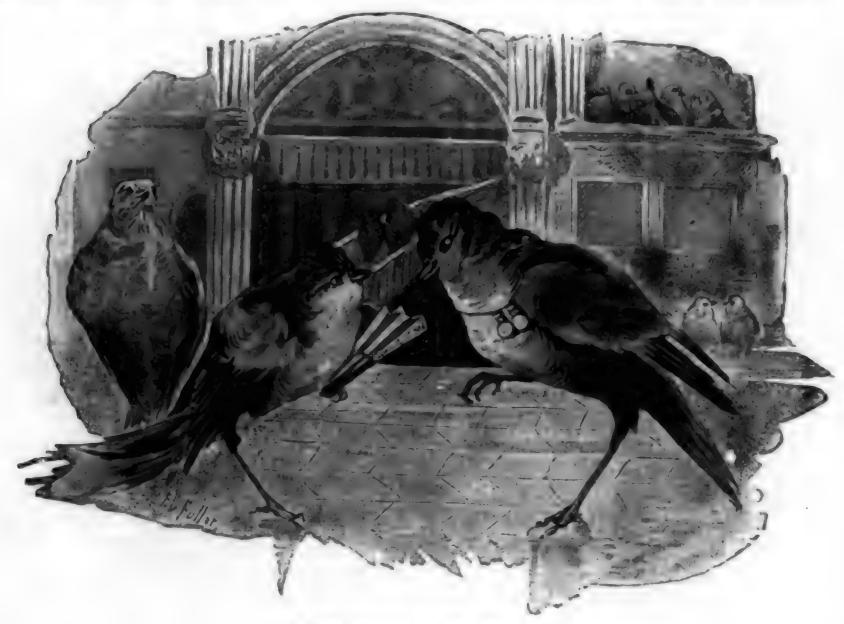
Jenny was very sad after Dick's departure, but a little field mouse, whose life, when threatened by the cruel Owl, had been saved by Dick's timely warning, came to Jenny, and asked her to spin a magic scarf, with which he might strangle Discord, to whom the Owl had given a new lease of life.

Dick, meanwhile, had joined the army; and it was he who sounded the call to arms and gallantly led the way to victory.

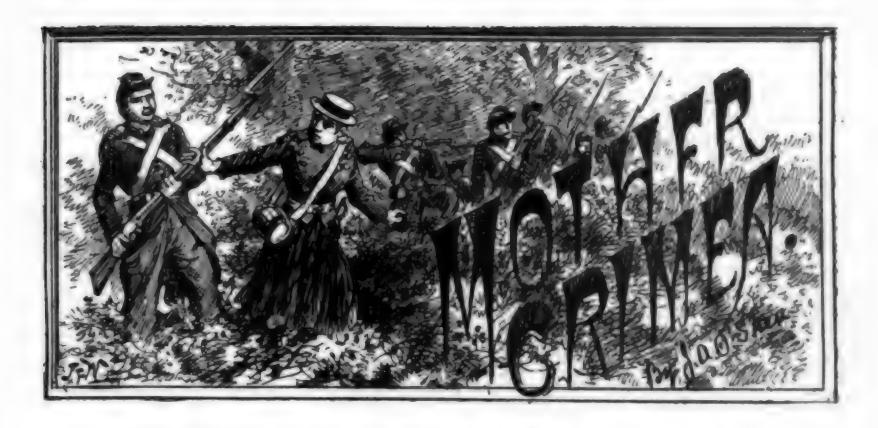
The enemy, however, had Discord amongst them; and though this wicked imp induced them to fight, he, keeping in the background himself, set them an example of cowardice, which they were not slow to follow.

One night the field mouse arrived in the Sparrow's camp, and strangled Discord, in his sleep, with the magic scarf; and when the Sparrows woke up, they deposed their worthless king, and sued for peace to the Robins.

After a treaty had been made, the Robins returned home; and Dick, who had greatly distinguished himself, was given two medals. The hand of Jenny was also bestowed upon him; and at the nuptials of the pretty pair almost all birds of high degree were present, not even excepting the noble Goldfinch himself, though he was quite yellow with jealousy.



AT THE NUPTIALS OF THE PRETTY PAIR.





HEY called her Mère Crimée, because she had made the campaign—her maiden campaignwith the 81st, from the landing at Eupatoria to the taking of Sevastopol. She returned to France with the corps, and had since clung to its fortunes in peace and war, facing the Austrians in Lombardy, and

chasing the Kabyles in Algeria. She was not the cantinière of romance, or its stage, no: she was a working not an ornamental cantinière. There was nothing coquettish in her dress—glazed sailor hat, jacket of dark stuff, short bulging skirt, Turkish trousers, and thick-soled boots—unless it were the tri-coloured ribbon, with streamers round the hat. As for the embroidered numbers on her collar, and the jonguil lace on her cuffs, they were regulation, not fantasy. Neither in build nor in face was she attractive; her figure was squat, but held erect, her hands were large, and her cheeks, ruddled by Black Sea breezes, and baked by African suns, were square. But her eyes, if keen, were kindly; and if she did speak in a hoarse, peremptory tone, her voice rushed out between rows of perfect nacre. The

regiment was proud of her, as she formed up in rear of the drummers at an inspection, or stepped two paces behind the serre-files of the last sub-division of her battalion, in a march-past. Naturally, hers was the first battalion.

Ah! there was something chic about Mère Crimée. Other cantinières had a mincing gait, were particular as to the effect they created, and lavish of their smiles. Her port was martial; her gait was swinging, not mincing, and yet as precise as if measured

by a drum-beat; her rule was "eyes front;" she moved as if she were part of the machine, not an embellishment. There were wrinkles and lines and crow's feet on her rugged visage, but they were the seams of honorable service, and breaks of grey in her bunched black hair were but glory-tokens, the peeps of radiance in a mass of cloud. As she passed salutingthe point, her four medals, two for the Crimea, one



for Italy, and the prized yellow-ribboned military medal dangling on her breast, the brandy-keg jauntily slung at her hip, and the yataghan at her girdle, the general has been known to dip his cockedhat to her.

She had her pet, a white ass, small, but strong, and full of mischief, which she had christened Marengo, because she had found him straying near the field of Magenta. There was a legend about this ass; some said that he grew younger every year, although he must have numbered over a score, and that he throve on buttons, tin-

tacks, and scrap-iron. Others averred that he could speak, and that Mère Crimée understood his

language.

Another favourite she had, too, a private soldier in his teens, Boute-en-train was his nickname, the son of an ancient comrade of her husband, deceased. He had been born with the colours, had been brought up as an enfant de troupe, and was serving as a volunteer, clever, good-natured, lazy at book-learning, but apt in the school of arms. The horn of chase broidered on his left sleeve, indicated him a marksman.

When the 81st descended from one of the out-lying forts of Paris, and marched along the boulevards to entrain at the

Eastern railway-station, they had a joyous God speed from the citizens, for they were amongst the earliest troops to leave. There were frantic shouts of "A Berlin!" for were they not the pioneers of an easy triumph? The war was going to be a walk-over, they would gobble those eaters of pickled cabbage; although it was beyond the middle of July, the popular belief was that they would celebrate the next Imperial fête in the Prussian capital. Poor lads, in their excitement they forgot their fatigue, and to the inspiriting strains of the Marseillaise,

now permitted to be played by the Emperor, they straightened themselves under their heavy knapsacks of untanned cow-hide, and tried to assume an air of military glee. But there were sad hearts under many a tunic, There were few if the truth were known. relatives to bid them good-bye, for the 81st was mainly composed of rustics, stunted and clumsy, but sober, patient, deep-chested, and inured to toil. Mère Crimée was with them and came in for a liberal share of public But she contented herself acclamation. with a grave acknowledgment; she had no illusion she was a veteran. When a halt

> was sounded at the Place de Strasbourg, and the 81st got the command to stand easy, there was a mopping of hot, glistening foreheads with handkerchiefs, a general unloading of packs and opening of haversacks, an eager emptying of canteens, which were refilled by generous bystanders not with brandy, it was offered to them, but almost without exception they preferred red wine—a lighting of sou cigars, and a clutter of chat and joke and song.

Mère Crimée disappeared to lay in a stock of salt and matches, always useful on a journey, and —carrots.

In the fuss of departure, the absence of Boute-en-train was unnoticed.

But where was Marengo, the regimental donkey?

Ah! That was the mystery. Many a time the question had been asked that day. Would he accompany them to the seat of war? Was he a malingerer or a deserter? had he left the service, or had he been relegated to the depôt? In vain the enquiries. There was neither tale nor tidings of that white ass.

When the cantinière re-appeared, she was approached by an exquisite, who made a gallant speech, and tendered her a laurel



crown fixed on gilt wire. He was the representative of a monster emporium in the neighbourhood.

A group of the 81st who had gathered round, cheered, and the cheer was echoed

by the spectators.

"Thanks, monsieur," said Mère Crimée, "but it is too soon to accept that gift. I shall be proud of it when we return to Paris victorious. Meanwhile, better give it to an opera-dancer."

There was a murmur of approbation from the *piou-pious*, and one of the spectators ejaculated "very pretty," and the others

applauded.

The exquisite was not to be denied.

"At least, you will allow me to offer you a bouquet."

"With pleasure."

The representative of the monster emporium absented himself for a few minutes, and returned with a really beautiful, large collection of rich and fragrant

Mère Crimée unbent, smiled, and picked a scarlet geranium, a white rose, and a cluster of lupins, deftly fashioned them into a nosegay, and placed it above her medals. It formed a floral tri-colour.

"Thanks, monsieur; the rest I shall give to the colonel," Mère Crimée said, as she marched off.

There was a renewal of applause, and when she came back every sergeant of the 81st had a tuft of flowers sticking from the muzzle

of his chassepot.

The train was behind time—everything was behind time, then—and the 81st were weary before the locomotive cleared the zone of fortifications. It was a sluggish journey to Metz, and gave the soldiers an unpleasant foretaste of the realities of war, huddled as they were, worried and perspiring. They were too tired to have the energy to quarrel. After singing, and smoking, and munching such food as they had, reading Paul de Kock under difficulties, and playing cards on their knees, they yawned off to sleep, or rather to nightmare, stimulated by the elbows of comrades. Glory is a fine thing to read about, but like to a gorgeous

picture, there is a deal of hard labour, mixing of pigments, and disappointment in the process of working up to the great effects. Glory means back-ache, lassitude, drooping eyelids, corns, and low spirits. These are among the minor ills which are most difficult of all to meet, because they do not call the higher qualities of fortitude into play. To be smitten with a bullet-shock, or have a leg cut off, these are among the respectable ills of glory, those which endear it to the poetic mind.

At last, after much loitering and shunting, Metz was reached in the afternoon of the next day, and the 81st detrained, grimy, and most of them with sore bones. There was a vexatious delay at the station. While

they were dawdling about, stretching their stiffened limbs, and looking forward to a bowl of coffee, and a souse in a bucket of cold water as the ecstacy of the enjoyable, there was a scream of delight at an extremity of the platform.

It was Marengo who made his appearance; Marengo him self, and Boute-entrain beside him!

The white ass had travelled to Metz in the same box with the colonel's charger, and that sly Boute-en-train was installed with Mère Crimée in a first-class compartment. The flowers from the rifles soon

from the rifles soon festooned the regimental donkey's neck, and trailed from his flanks, and then the adorned Marengo, with a positive wink, lay down, rolled and revelled in the dust. The bugle-summons to fall in was almost unheard amid the chorus of laughter. Metz, being a garrison, had no enthusiasm to spare over the men in red trousers. If it gave emphatic welcome to the 81st, to de Marengo was it due, as he trotted beside the tallidrum-major, with his tall, plumed beauser, skin, tossing his staff.

Their first camping-ground was the Ban St. Martin, within hearing of the swish of the Moselle. They formed, with the 95th,



Clinchant's brigade of Montaudon's division, the first of the Third Army Corps, commanded by Bazaine, who was a literal proof that the private soldier might carry a Marshal's baton in his knapsack.

It was tedious waiting in that hot, dusty, arid plain in

the Ban St. Martin, and except for the antics of Marengo, who was as frisky as a

monkey on a man o' war, the 81st would have been miserable.

On the 28th of July, they had a fillip of excitement in the arrival of the Emperor and his address to the troops.

"This concerns you, Mère Crimée," said the Adjutant-Major reading: "'Nothing is too difficult for the soldiers of Africa, the Crimea, China, Italy and Mexico.'"

"China and Mexico I don't know, but I'm thinking we shall have a hard rope to twist," said the cantinière."

On the last day of July, Montaudon's division, which had been hovering between Boulay and Boucheporn, on the north-east of Metz, moved to St. Avold more to the south. On the 2nd of August, came the news of a "glorious victory" over the

Germans, at Saarbrücken, when the Prince Imperial got his "baptism of fire;" on the 5th there was a shift to Saargemünd, and on the 6th, there was an action at Speich'ern on their left. The crash of artillery, and the curl of distant smoke could be marked, but they took no part in the fray.

It was a trial to the spirit of impatient youth, covetous of distinction and possessed with a thorough conviction of the in-

vincibility of the eagles.

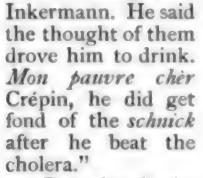
"How I'd relish potting those rascals," cried Boute-en-train; "I'd pick them off

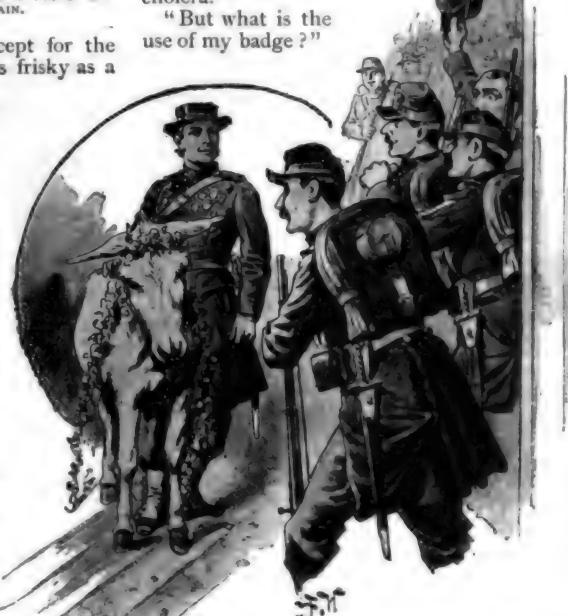
like so many crows."

"Don't talk that way," objected Mère Crimée, "they are men as we are, fighting-machines, rather. Never aim at anybody, except in self-defence."

"How can I hit them, then?"

"Leave that to fate. My old man used to see the faces of a Russian he bayonetted at the Alma, and an officer he shot at





THE PLOWERS FESTOONED THE DONKEY'S NECL

"Never you mind; stick to wholesale business, and leave retail slaughter to the chasseurs. Promise me never to take aim at anybody, except in self-defence. 'Tis against the rules of the game."

Boute-en-train, although he did not quite see things through her glasses, deferred to the superior judgment of the cantinière,

and made the requested promise.

On the three days following the fight at Speichern, when the concentration about Metz was gradually effected, it dawned upon the piou-pious that Mère Crimée was wise in her prediction. Those Germans were not ninepins to be knocked over. The French were fretted by purposeless tramping to and fro on insufficient rations, with incomplete equipment. Mère Crimée was

a Providence to the boys of the first battalion in those pilgrimages of pain under a scorching sky. On the 12th of August, General Decaen succeeded to the command of the 3rd corps, vice Bazaine promoted to the chief command.

"'Tis well," said
a veteran; now we
shall see some real

"HE MOANED POR WATER."

fighting," and there was an ominous undermutter about amateurs and Badinguet.

On the 14th of August, the French army was bivouacked on the right bank of the Moselle, outside the outer forts to the east, Clinchant's brigade being posted at Colombey, under cover of field entrenchments. At four in the afternoon, an action opened by a reconnaissance on Colombey, and for two hours the Germans were exposed to a terrific fire from the trenches in the woods. Boute-en-train was receiving his baptism of fire, and was jubilant.

"Mind my caution," said Mère Crimée

to him.

An officer on horseback was conspicuous in the Prussian host, directing and encouraging. It might be Von Moltke himself. He was the target of many a rifle, but seemed to be safe-guarded by some invisible coat of mail. There was an appeal for the trustiest sharp-shooter in the corps—"Boute-entrain," was in every mouth, and our

youthful friend was thrust into unexpected prominence.
"Pick him off," was the instruction given him by his sergeant.

He had carried his chassepot to his shoulder, and was about to fire, when he caught the reproachful Piff! The

eye of Mère Crimée. Prussian was still erect.

"I thought you were a dead-shot," said the sergeant, "'Pears 'taint so easy to hit a man as to hit the butts."

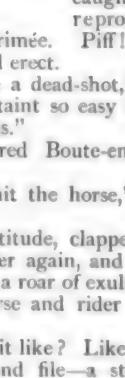
"It is not," answered Boute-en-train meekly.

"I think he could hit the horse," said Mère Crimée.

The boy flushed gratitude, clapped his chassepot to his shoulder again, and drew the trigger. There was a roar of exultation from the French. Horse and rider were

sprawling on the soil.

The battle, what was it like? Like most battles for the rank and file—a strange delirium, a confusing rattle of explosions under a swelling canopy of smoke, intermittent clearings-up, incomprehensible shufflings, no knowledge of what passes, except in the immediate front, and a few hundred yards, at most, on either side, and an intolerable thirst. Mère Crimée relieved the latter; she had provided herself with a huge pig-skin, to be carried by the ass, and filling this from one of the rivulets which flowed into the Moselle, she passed incessantly by the posts of the 81st, attending to her own boys. In an unexpected retirement to an entrenchment farther back,



she came across the adjutant-major, whose shoulder had been woefully shattered by a shell splinter. Boute-en-train and Marengo were with her. The officer moaned piteously for water. The pig-skin was empty. There was only neat brandy in her keg.

"Take Marengo to the brook, and fill the

skin, quick, Boute-en-train."

The boy-soldier hurried off.

The cantinière knelt beside the wounded man. He had not long to live — just moments enough to confide a message to his wife, when his voice failed, the death-rattle rose in his throat, and Mère Crimée wiped the foam from his lips as he expired. Gently she removed the ring from his finger and the Legion of Honour from his breast, and cut a lock of hair from his temple.

By this Marengo should be back. She shaded her eyes to search for him, there was a yell from behind, and, as she turned, a clubbed-rifle was uplifted against her by a Frussian. But that weapon never caught her. It swerved from the relaxed grasp of him who bore it before he could carry out his design, and he dropped, struck by an unseen bullet. A second pressed on her with his bayonet, but as she fronted him, his advance was paralyzed.

What was this? Was it one of the Turcos, those African devils he had heard of? No. This enemy was not black, nor yet bearded. The simple fellow had never

seen a cantinière before.

"Stop that bayonet!" cried an officer who arrived on the spot. "We do not make war upon women."

"Thanks, captain," said Mère Crimée, saluting, "you are almost fit to be a Frenchman; as for you, swinehound—"

"I have lost my comrade," he said apologetically.

"Zut! I have lost Marengo."

This woman must be mad, reflected the officer, her head must be turned by the fever of combat, for her to fancy she has

lost a battle fought seventy years ago, she would embarrass us; besides, I have no orders to capture females; I will let her go.

"Madam, you are at liberty to rejoin your countrymen. I pledge my word you

shall not be fired upon."

Mère Crimée again thanked the officer, said he was worthy of a better cause, and with a final "an revoir," crossed the field towards the brook with ever so little of a swagger. As she was skirting a clump of shrubs by a declivity, a faint call reached her. "Mère Crimée, are you hurt?"

It was Boute-en-train, lying on the ground, swathing a bleeding foot with a

neck-scarf.

"Is it serious, moutard?"
"No, only a spent ball."
"And where's Marengo?"

"Scampered towards the regiment. I say, Mère, was I right to aim at that fellow? It wasn't quite in self-defence, you know. Had I better hobble back and apologize?"

"Silence, animal, and lean on my arm."
Looking towards Metz, she stamped her

foot and exclaimed, "Name of a pipe, but the army of the Rhine is scurrying to the other side of the Moselle!"

"We'll hardly get to Berlin for the Imperial fête to-morrow," said Boute-entrain, limping by her side.



"HE DROPPED, STRUCK BY AN UNSEEN BULLET."



PART III.



Board Schools for London Act was constructed with great skill and caution. Each one of its many clauses was most carefully considered, so as to guard, as far as possible, against any misunderstanding that might plausibly be pleaded in excuse or extenuation of default on the part of those held respon-

sible for seeing that its requirements were complied with. The meshes of the net to be cast over the whole of the metropolis for the catching and compulsorily educating the human small fry was purposely made so close that even the most insignificant should not escape. No matter how lax in the performance of their duties a child's parents or guardians might be, the Act would take him under its sheltering wing, as far as its responsibilities were concerned. He might not have a sufficiency of food for the body's proper nourishment, but two scholastic meals a day on the most liberal scale should be punctually provided for him; and if he were withheld from the feast, there were officers appointed, whose business it was to be constantly on the look-out, armed with authority to lay hold of and bring in all such delinquents, and compel them to partake of a fair serving of the three "courses,"—reading, writing and arithmetic.

Nevertheless, in the present year of grace, 1891, there are hundreds of boys and girls

in London of the very class in need of it, who have had scarce any schooling at all, and are permitted to roam uncontrolled about the streets from babyhood until they are old enough to steal or work for their daily bread. The reason why is not far to seek. In much the same way as certain creatures of the lower creation are protected from molestation by a natural provision in the nature of a peculiar odour that other creatures are shudderingly shy of, so in the worser sort of slums there are children who are so inexpressibly unclean, that the appointed board-school enquirer, snuffing them in the distance, covers his offended nose, and seemingly, in so doing, so obscures his eye-sight as well, that he passes by the deplorable little object without observing him. It is only when some well-intentioned but unthanked philanthropist insists on a more strict observance of duty on the part of the school official, that the latter makes capture of Bob Grimes, and takes steps to ascertain who is responsible for his longexisting truancy. But little of lasting good is likely to come of it. Bob is ragged

beyond the verge of indecency; his bare feet are of a colour with the kennel mire in which it is his delight to dabble, and from head to heel his skin is as unfamiliar with soap and water as his towsled crop of hair is with brush or comb. If Bob Grimes were taken in an act of theft and committed to prison, the very



" BUY. PLEASE BUY."



first thing to happen to him when the gaol gate had closed on him, would be his "cropping" and cleansing.

The gaol barber, having shorn off his infested tangle of hair he would be introduced to a warm bath, and within an hour or two of his delivery per the black van, his own mother would scarcely recognize him. But

now, at present, Bob has done nothing to entitle him to prison privileges, it is nobody's business to command that he shall be made clean and wholesome. His parents or guardians may be remonstrated with on the subject, but there is no law that imposes fine or imprisonment as a penalty for their neglect in this respect. Nor are tubs provided for dirty boys at the Board School. Pianos are. Many, many thousands of pounds are spent in what have been objected to as mere whimsical superfluities, but the baths and wash-houses are as yet in the future. Cleanliness is said to be next to godliness, and since religious teaching is tabooed, it is perhaps only consistent that the school door should be shut in the face of the sister virtue. Anyway there is the suppositious Master Grimes, and having discovered his father, says the Board School visitor to him: "Unless you send your son to school immediately, I will get a summons against you, and have you up before a magistrate." To which Grimes senior, who has an aversion for education, makes answer: "All right! But, he must come just as he is, mind; we have got no

is now wearing." "But, you can wash

him, I suppose?" "Not without soap we can't," Mr. Grimes replies doggedly, "and we havn't money to waste that way."

"Well, it is no affair of mine," says the visitor, "you must send him to school, that's all I know

about it." But, Board School masters and mistresses object, and most excusably, to permit the cleanly and tidily dressed voungsters in regular attendance incurring, if not actual danger, certain personal unpleasantness pretty sure to result from a too close companionship



GRIMES SENIOR.

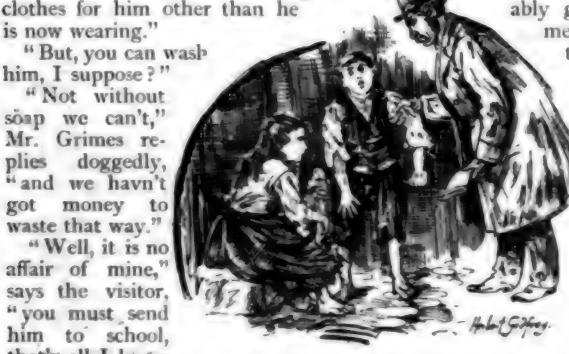
with shamefully neglected Bob Grimes; and after brief parleying, the latter is probably temporarily suspended, that he may go home and be cleansed and combed. odds are that he does not return, and all parties concerned—including Bob himself are much better pleased that he should not, than that he should, and so the difficulty, instead of being grappled with and overcome is shabbily shirked and evaded. Thus it is that the street arab continues to hold his own in Darkest London, his tribe being, numerically, about as strong now as it was before compulsory education threatened his total extinction.

It is no more than might reasonably be expected that, grown worldly-wise and cunning enough, the whole family of which Bob Grimes is the type would avail themselves of the earliest opportunity to enlist

in the criminal army. To their credit

be it said, however, they do not invari-

ably go to the bad. That a lamentably large percentage do. there is, of course, no denying; but hardship and home neglect and wretchedness, and hunger itself do not in all cases destroy the boy's natural spirit of self-dependence, or extinguish his sense of shame. Strangely enough, there are very many of these shunned and outcast waifs, beneath whose tattered iacket beats a heart brave to bear up against cruel adversity, and steadfastly



BOB GRIMES IS MADE CAPTIVE.

and determinedly set on securing the bread of honesty. A picture of Darkest London, comprehensive and complete in all its details, would include examples of the swarm of eager, ragged children who clamour for customers for their half-penny ware for their wax-matches and cigar-lights, their pencils, boot-laces and newspapers at every railway-station, and every tram and omnibus starting-point and terminus in the great metropolis. It would be altogether wrong, however, to assume that the whole fraternity of these restless tatterdemalions should be classed with rogues

and vagabonds who make a pretence of having something to sell as a cloak for the more profitable pursuit of begging There are some, no doubt, who combine the two avocations, but, from personal knowledge of their ways and means, I am able to state that the majority would scorn to beg and honestly earn money out of the scant crop of pence that represents a day's "takings."

It is not a large amount of capital they require to give them a start; for the sum of fourpence they can buy a dozen half-penny papers and earn twopence by selling them, the main drawback being that, having exhausted their first limited stock, they

may have to run a mile or two to the paper hundreds of small buyers employ boys to office to purchase a few more, until the accumulated profits enable them to venture on a whole quire, and by this means and with incredible toil and perseverance, from early morning until late at night, they may earn as much as a shilling. Or they can embark in the cigar-light trade, which is more remunerative, but the sales are slower; there are too many engaged in it. "Any fellow," as a peripatetic news-agent, aged

eleven, once explained to me, "can sell wax matches or cigar lights. Gals can do it as well as boys, but it isn't everybody that can make a living out of papers; you have to be always wide-awake and nimble on your pins, and have a good voice for shouting out wot's printed largest on the placards. It wouldn't be any good for a shortwinded chap to go in for papers. He'd find, what with the constant cutting about, and the hollering all the time, he would be glad precious soon to cut it. Likewise he mustn't have any fear of being run over, or mind about splashing through the mud, or

being out in the rain or the snow, or the biting cold winds, nor anything like that. If he can stand all these, and sticks steady at it, say from eight in the morning when the 'busses start, till eight or nine at night, he can earn a shilling a day easy."

But it is not every sturdy young Briton of the ragamushin breed who has both the talent for buying and selling, and the capital to purchase "stock" with. But there are the markets. Many dauntless little ragged Jacks of the slums, breakfastless and shivering, turn out at early morn, and make their way to Covent Garden, or Farringdon, or the Central Meat Market, Billingsgate, where



SOMETHING TO SELL, AS A CLOAK FOR BEGGING.

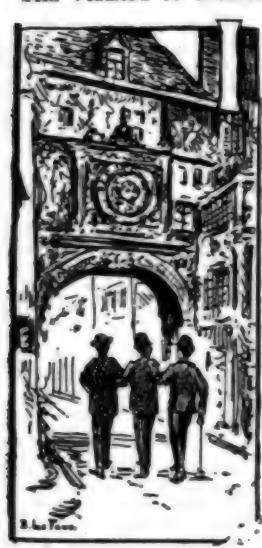
help carry their purchases to the distant cart or barrow. Half-a-dozen such jobs may reward his eager work-seeking, and then, come eight or nine o'clock, he can afford to spend twopence at the coffee-stall, and have as much perhaps as sixpence left to carry home, or should he be homeless, to divide for food for the remainder of the day, and pay for his bed at the common lodging-house at night.



By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

PROLOGUE.

THE VILLAGE OF DANCING SUNBEAMS.



N the sweet sequestered village of Dancing Sunbeams there dwelt three youths who had just finished their education at college, and were on the point of setting forth to conquer the world, to carve their way and their names, and to bring Dame Fortune to their feet.

Although of entirely different and varying dispositions, they were staunch friends. They were not in any way related to each other, though they had been brought up together ever since they could remember, for they were orphans, and had been left, when infants, to the guardianship and care of a crusty old couple, who, if they did their duty by

their charges, it was purely by accident, and without any design. The boys all their lives had been left to their own resources and companionship, and there grew up between them such an affection as is rarely met with outside the Realms of Fairyland, where I, the present chronicler, have frequent admittance, being indeed provided with a free pass for services rendered the Fairies at various periods.

The three young men were now about to commence that campaign, the Battle of Life. They were each twenty-two years old, exactly to the day, and their names were Fider, Faber, and Fasil. Rather odd names, you may think, but very good names nevertheless, as the world goes. Fider was dark, fiery, enthusiastic, full of ambition; with sparkling, hazel eyes, a straight nose, and full, refined lips, a very handsome young fellow—in truth, they were all handsome - whose watchword was Onward! Fame was his object. Faber was of a cool and placid temperament, with firm, thin lips and steel grey eyes, and his watchword was Money! Fortune was his object; and Fasil was a laughing, blue-eyed, happy-go-lucky, with never a care or a thought for the morrow. He was fairer than the other two, and his watchword was Who cares? Fun was his object. Now, it is astonishing how remarkably well these three natures blended, and it was in their minds that as they had succeeded so well together, how much more they would succeed apart? So they agreed that they would separate when they left the village of Dancing Sunbeams far behind them, and reach the City of

Feardonthope.

Twas in the time of Swallows, when the white-breasted songsters had crossed the sullen seas, in the spring o' the year, when the birds were pairing and the buds were shooting, that Fider, Faber, and Fasil, said good-bye to the Village of Dancing Sunbeams, and trudged on to the wonderful City of Feardonthope, there to win their way to the front. They travelled the distance gaily enough, and when the gleaming lights and ominous shadows of the marvellous city rose up in majestic splendour before them, they travelled along with lighter and brighter hopes, and at nightfall entered through the gates, that closed upon them with a thunderous clang.

Within the gates they paused and shook hands. They were saying good-bye for a year, when they were to meet again and recount their adventures. They were in high spirits, and Fider cried enthusiastically:

"To Fame! ye Gods!"

"To Fortune! ye Gods!" cried Faber.
"To Fun! ye merry Gods!" laughed Fasil, and they went their several ways.

ACT I.

THE CITY OF FEARDONTHOPE.

A twelvemonth quickly passed away, and the three friends met as agreed at the northern gate of the City of Feardonthope. Fame had not yet come to Fider, but he was still buoyant, though somewhat haggard; fortune had not knocked at Faber's door, and he was quiet and reserved; as for Fasil, he was just as lively as ever, though his coat was shabbier, and his garments generally less presentable than those of the others. When this was remarked upon, he exclaimed, jocularly enough:

"What's it matter?"

True, what did it matter? They were not downcast yet. Time was before them, and Youth and Hope were with them, and

what will they not achieve when Perseverance lends a helping hand? They had little to tell each other yet—a twelvemonth gives one so little scope to make sufficient headway to talk about, therefore, they would not boast! but wait and see. They would meet again in two years, and would arrange to go back with Wealth in their laps to the village of Dancing Sunbeams. Was it agreed? It was—carried nem. con. In two years they would return, and then happiness indeed would be in store for them. Thereupon the three friends once more disappeared into the vast City of Feardonthope.

ACT II.

# WANTED, A FAIRY.

Hey Presto! Dear me, just watch that worn out old Year scudding away into Eternity! What a hurry he is in to be gone! Ah, me! there's another Year waiting just outside ready to take his place. The Year is dead—long live the

dead—long live the Year! How gaily the bells are ringing, how happy seems the multitude filled with the prospect of prosperity in the future. Alas! prosperity always is in the future for most of us.

But where is Fasil? Let us enter the Hall of Delight.

In the distance, when one can pierce through the smoke that the men are puffing from their pipes, a stage is dis-

cernible, and on it is a young woman dressed in tights, singing and dancing, greatly to the satisfaction of the visitors, who are drinking and chatting in high glee. Sitting by a man with a red nose and a mallet is Fasil, saying funny things to his boon companions—artists and others, for Fasil is an artist. They are having a little harmless relaxation. But upon making enquiry, I find that Fasil is always having a "little relaxation," while his friends are at work. He is such a very jolly fellow, you know. In the morning he is in his rooms with many canvases and unfinished sketches scattered about. He ought to be satisfied, for he is

SITTING BY A MAN WITH



PASIL AS AN ARTIST.

having as much Fun as he ever wished for, though he pays a dear price for it. Why is Fate so hard upon him? Why does he not prosper and make the name that even he courts? He cannot answer the question himself, so how can anyone else? He is so careless and happy and gay—just the sort of man you would think Dame Fortune would delight in favouring. But she doesn't. Listen! he is singing as merrily as a lark! On, he will conquer, when he makes up his mind to work. Life isn't all fun, you know! Perhaps if he had some object beyond Self in view, he might prosper sooner.

#### ACT III.

## WANTED A TALISMAN.

The scene is changed. We are in the Commercial part of the City, where all the world's wealth passes through and changes hands, and where the nation's financial and industrial majesty is built up. In the counting house of one of the largest of these mercantile firms sits a care-worn old-young looking man, with hard set lips, square jaws and grasping hands. It is Faber, who by industry and energy has risen from being an ordinary clerk, to the position of master of a money-making establishment. Some say through sharp

practice, some, speculation; but the real truth is that he has put his shoulder to the wheel and made his own Fortune. For so young a man his success is unparalleled in the annals of commerce. His future is perfectly secure, and he will be rich as long as he lives, for he knows the science of keeping and increasing what he has obtained. He at least has kept his word, and carried out the object of his life—he has obtained Fortune. And yet there is something lacking; he is not half so happy as the wavering, careless Fasil, with all his wealth and comforts. He has the finest house in the best part of the town, with servants to attend to all his requirements. He has more money even now than he knows what to do with—it comes in so fast, and is beginning to make him a bit of a miser. He is intensely selfish, too, I am sorry

to say, and mistrusts everybody. He is always complaining that he can't repose confidence in his fellow man, and that life is beginning to pall upon him. You see, to make Money is a most excellent thing, but when you have made it, it is not a bit of use if Money is your only and sole engrossing object. You want something else. As a matter of fact, you want somebody else. Faber has no real friends beyond Fasil and Fider, whom he has almost forgotten, and his loneliness is making him more wretched every And, strange to say, though he is pining for some one in whom he can confide, he has almost made up his mind not to keep his appointment with the two companions of his youth at the City gates, and the day is fast drawing near. If he goes at all, he says to himself, it will only be out of curiosity, suspecting at once that they will not have succeeded as he has, and that they may want to borrow Money. Thus it is to spend our days in the world of dross, craving only for gain. He never once thinks of helping others with his wealth—no, the gold is entering into his soul, and unless the Magic Talisman thing to help them of Heaven and Earth comes to him soon, his case will be hopeless.

ACT IV.

## To-morrow!

Once more the scene is changed. We are in a small room crowded with books and manuscripts and papers. Engravings are hanging on the walls where there are not bookcases, and a bright fire is burning in the grate. The table is in delicious disorder, pipes, pouches, and papers being mixed in happy confusion. At the table writing sits Fider, rather haggard from burning the midnight oil too constantly, perhaps, but just as handsome as ever, just as enthusiastic, just as hopeful of gaining the Fame that has not yet come. He, poor fool, has chosen literature as his profession, and is, indeed, rising rapidly, but people who live in Brain Street have to work very hard to obtain recognition and appreciation. Hope is the grand secret, and "pegging away." Success always does come to the man who works, not to the one who sits idly down and waits for it, and cries for it, before he deserves it. Why should I tell you of Fider's struggles? Are they not written in a million pages in a thousand books? You all know them, because all the world knows them, and that is why the world does not care. Fider is still aiming at his grand objects—for he has more than one, and turns out his joyous and pathetic rhymes to make the people laugh and cry by turns, and in their hearts he is fast becoming enshrined. And to-night he is thinking of his two playmates, his two companions, and wondering how they are getting on. And he wishes to see them and help them, if he can, if they want help! Poor Fider, it is his greatest fault, always thinking of others first! Presently he turns to his diary and exclaims: "Why, it's to-morrow! To-morrow at the northern gate, beyond the city's din."

And in different parts of the city the

other men say, "It is to-morrow."

And three men that night prepare to make a journey northward.

### ACT V.

THE SECRET. UPWARD! ONWARD!

Along the dusty road they went, and met beneath the postern archway, Fider, Faber, and Fasil. There they told each other, with more or less reticence, what we already know. Faber wealthy, and Fasil poor, were miserable and downcast. Life was a failure for them. Only Fider, who was almost as poor as Fasil, was cheerful. Suddenly he ejaculated—

"I have it—You have missed the secret of existence. You want the Talisman."

"Talisman?" they both enquired.

"Ay, Talisman! Come to my rooms and I will explain." And as Fider said, "Come to my rooms" (he had only got one), you would have thought he was inviting them to a palace and a banquet.

Arrived at his rooms the first thing he

did was to show them a portrait.

"What a pretty girl," they both said, in

awe-struck tones.

"Isn't she? That's Elsa, my Talisman! And if you fellows had got a Talisman half as pretty, half as loving, half as sweet, you would not sit and mope, and say life was not worth living. When we started out to seek Fame, Fortune, and Fun, I knew that a Talisman was wanted as well, and so I sought for mine, and in seeking I came upon it by accident, and there she is! My Elsa! The Talisman that says Nil Desperandum. If not to-day, why to-morrow! And you have, then, always something, and somebody to live for."



A CARE-WORN, OLD-YOUNG LOOKING MAN.

"What does Elsa mean? it is such a pretty name for a girl," said Fasil.

"Ah, that's part of the Charm. Elsa

means Onward, Upward!"

"I don't quite understand "-ventured

Faber.

"Pshaw! its as plain as possible. What makes the world go round? Love! What makes a man take an interest in life? Love! What cheers a fellow up when he is sinking into the depths? Love! What urges a man to conquer, or die in the attempt, in the great Battle of Life? Love! Love! Love! She is waiting for me. She will not have to wait long now, and then by all the gods of Olympus, and the trials of Purnassus, we will be the happiest pair in the Universe. Now do you understand?" demanded Fider, rapturously, almost fiercely.

Yes, they understood. Self had been their only god; now they would seek a

goddess.

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"Go forth into the world, my friends; help each other; seek out your Talisman, and when you have found the grand object that makes Earth Heaven, meet me once more, and we will all return to the village of Dancing Sunbeams, and live together in peace and unity, for remember that Fame,

Fortune, and Fun, should not be separated."
So they went forth into the world to find their Talisman.

#### EPILOGUE.

# THE GRANDEST TALISMAN.

It is the village of Dancing Sunbeams once more. In a large banqueting hall at the dining table are seated six people—three ladies and three gentlemen. Fider, who has earned his bays, sits with Elsa; Faber has found his talisman, and sits by her; and Fasil has found his, and she is next to him, and he is a celebrated painter to boot. Fame, Fortune, and Fun, finding that they were unhappy and uncomfortable apart, have resolved to live together in peace and harmony, and in very truth they are no use apart; but with Fame, Fortune and Fun, they also have Love, and Love is the King and Joy of all.

"A toast! toast!" cries Faber.

"Nay, let me ask a question. What is the grandest Talisman of all?" said Fider.

"Love, ye gods, Love," they all cry in chorus, and the echoes catch up the refrain and spread it through the world.

"Love, ye gods, Love—Love is the grandest Talisman; Love is Lord of all."







HE British Navy at Chelsea—that is the idea which the Naval Exhibition represents to the present writer. It is the British Navy, material and moral, brought up to Chelsea, and anchored over seven or eight acres of land. Yes, it is all there—guns, and

ships, and men, admirals, first-lieutenants, reefers, and boatswains—the history, the romance, the adventure, the power, and the pathos—all on show for a shilling admission ticket. There has been no exhibition of so profound an interest, or appealing so strongly to our patriotic impulses before, and I have not the slightest doubt that it will attract thousands daily during its few months of existence. What I regret is, that its existence should be measured by months. For my part, I could wish it made permanent—an enduring object-lesson for the behoof of young British manhood—a perpetual admonition to think noble thoughts, do noble things, and love old England with a manly and generous affection, as was the way with our seamen in the great days of old. I am glad, let me say, that its promoters, who have done their work so well, have placed the exhibition where it is, since it could not be placed at Greenwich; for there are at least some wholesome traditions of honour and valour attached to the brick-built asylum of our invalid soldiers.

Once inside the entrance the visitor finds himself in a triangle of galleries, with the gardens and band-stand in the centre. To the right spreads an area of seven acres, which the Exhibition Committee have had the good fortune to secure, and herein they have excavated a mimic lake, which is the scene of naval combats between model war-ships; while diving-drums, diving-bells, and other appliances for enabling man to violate physical laws with comparative impunity are also in evidence. Near the lake, which is about 400 feet square and 6 feet deep, is a boldly-executed reproduction of an Arctic scene—an illustration of the voyage of H.M.S. *Investigator*—representing her nipped in the ice-pack in October of 1850, with the sledge parties preparing to leave her, in order to cross the ice floes to the mainland. The Investigator was the ship in which Captain McClure sailed in search of Sir John Franklin, and succeeded in effecting the passage of the Polar Sea from east to west—from Behring's Strait to Behring Island—thus solving a problem which had stimulated human curiosity for three centuries. tation of the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis enhances the realistic character of the scene, and sends the spectator's imagination far afield, wandering among the wan wastes and frozen solitudes of that lonely Arctic world, which exercises so potent a sway over the minds of men. As he stands there, gazing, all the surroundings seem to vanish; all the sights and sounds of the Exhibition and the dull roar of the teeming life of the Great City, are to him

as if they had ceased to be. He sees the huge bulk of the iceberg drifting slowly onward with the ice-cold current. He hears the grinding, crashing, clanging noises of the floes as they jostle violently against one another. He catches sight of the narwhals basking in the Polar sunshine on the edge of the floating masses of ice. He shrinks before the force of the Arctic blast and the clouds of snow it carries with it. He follows the worn and weary sledge parties as they toll through snow-drift and across hummock, winding through tangled wildernesses of broken ice tables—men and dogs pulling and pushing up their respective loads—and clambering with indefatigable effort over the summit of lofty ridges. And while he looks, the picture undergoes a marvellous transformation. The sky slowly assumes a tint of brown,

on which, as on a background, is soon shown a nebulous segment, bordered by a spacious arc of resplendent whiteness, which seems

astir with a constant, tremulous motion. Thence, an incalculable number of luminous

shafts and rays
leap upwards to
the zenith. These
luminous shafts
and rays take on
the successive
hues of the rainbow — softest
violet, intensest
sapphire, green,
glowing purple,

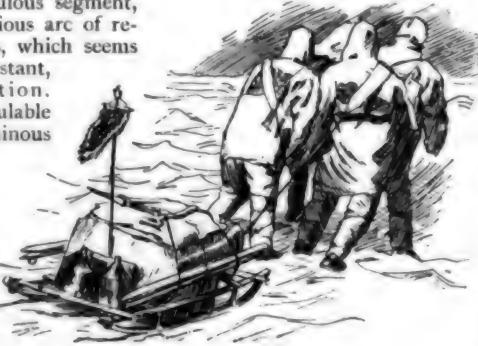
and red. Sometimes they issue from the dazzling arc mingled with darker flashes; sometimes they rise simultaneously at different points of the horizon, and unite in one broad sea of flame, pervaded by rapid undulations. On other occasions, unseen hands seem to unfurl fiery, glowing banners, which stream, like meteors, on the palpitating air. A kind of canopy of soft and tranquil light, known as the corona, indicates the final change of the Aurora.

Returning from this excursion into the domains of fancy, the visitor may glance at the panorama of the Battle of Trafalgar, which measures 310 ft. by 32 ft., was painted by Fleischer with an immense amount of energy, and represents the ever memorable fight at the moment that Nelson received his death wound from a French rifleman in the

main-top of the Redoubtable. Or he may give his attention to the Trophy; on one side of which are ancient and on the other modern weapons and implements of war as used on board ship, connected by a well-executed figure of Britannia, who seems equally at home with the old and the new. This was the work of Mr. Spanton, and the figure was modelled for the Armada Memorial at Plymouth.

It stands opposite the Seppings Gallery; so named in honour of Sir Robert Seppings, who filled the post of Surveyor of the Navy in the reign of George IV., and was a naval architect of very considerable ability. The reader may be interested to know that he introduced the system of diagonal bracing and trussing, and substituted round for flat stems in men-of-war. He was something of a reformer in his time, and, like

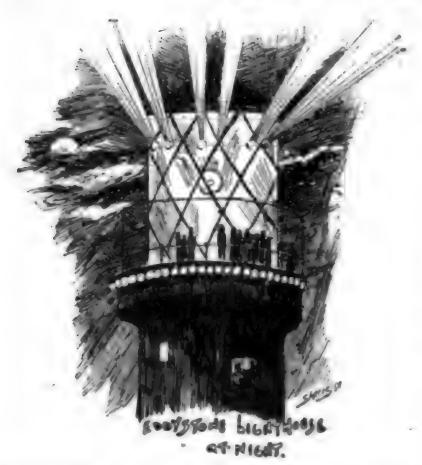
reformers general, met with a good deal of opposition and detraction; but his improvements were ultimately adopted, and as a reward for half-acentury of zealous service, he received £1,000 from the Admiralty, and was knighted by the Crown. He died just hfty-one years ago. Well, the Seppings



A WEARY SLEDGE PARTY.

Gallery is very properly filled with models of all periods, which furnish a kind of chronological expose of the art of Marine Invention.

In the Arctic sub-division of the navigation section, or Franklin Gallery, is gathered an exceedingly interesting collection of Arctic curiosities, and the Franklin relics. Here are Sir John Franklin's Bible, and walking-stick, spoons, forks, a pemmicam tin, watches, the eye rim of a telescope, scraps of leather, a tobacco pipe, and other memorials of the ill-fated expedition, which, under Sir John's command, sailed from England in the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, in the spring of 1845. Neither he nor his lieutenant, Captain Crozier, nor any one of their hundred and thirty-seven followers, returned to England. They were last seen by some whaling ships in Melville Bay,



contending gallantly with the ice which impeded their progress to Lancaster Sound. On the 26th of July the ice opened up, and the discovery ships sailed away into the North-Western seas. Two years passed, and no news reached England of their pro-As day succeeded day, and week followed week, and still no tidings came, men grew anxious and then alarmed; "expectation darkened into anxiety, and anxiety into dread." Eventually, a succession of search expeditions was despatched by Government, by private individuals, and by Lady Franklin; but it was not until 1854 that Dr. Rae, a well-known Arctic explorer, obtained any definite information of the fate that had overtaken Franklin and his companions. He ascertained from the Eskimo that a party of forty white men, travelling towards the Great Fish River, had all died of starvation four years previously. The unfortunate castaways had been first seen on King William Land; later in the same year (1850) their dead bodies had been observed near or about the mouth of the river. Dr. Rae brought home numerous pieces of silver plate obtained from the Eskimo, which were marked with the names of officers of the two ships. In 1859 Captain McClintock's expedition discovered at Point Victory, near Cape Victoria, besides a basin, a tin case, containing a paper, dated April 25th, 1848, which set forth that the two ships, Erebus and Terror, had been beset in the ice on September 12th, 1846, that Sir John Franklin had died June 11th, 1847, and that the ships had been abandoned April 22nd,

1848. Afterwards a sledge was found, and within it a couple of skeletons, additional relics were collected by Lieutenant Schwatka's overland expedition in

the summer and autumn of 1879.

Near this interesting collection is a remarkable diagram, prepared by Sir John Colomb, which vividly illustrates the marvellous expansion of our commerce, and the slow growth of our naval defences. Our commerce in 1805, 1857, and 1890 is represented by a square of gold, and our defensive strength by a cannon on the top of it. The square has increased in abnormal proportions; the cannon is very little larger now than it was in 1805.

Another gallery to which the visitor's attention should be directed is that which contains the exhibits of Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. This gallery measures 230 feet in length, and 43 feet in The guns will repay a close and careful examination; especially the 110-ton

gun, the largest ever made.

Then there is the Camperdown Gallery, named after Admiral Duncan, who was created Earl of Camperdown for his victory over the Dutch, October 11th, 1797. This is devoted to torpedo models, so arranged that the visitor can readily trace their development from the long, slender, sharpnosed agent of destruction first introduced, to the latest and most improved form, the deadly qualities of which have recently been exhibited in Chilian waters. There is also a torpedo net, designed to protect men-of-war from the worst effects of contact with their hidden foes.

The Art Section comprises the Blake, the Benbow, and the Nelson Galleries, in which are arranged, chronological order, a rich and fascinating series of illustrations of our naval history, from the beginning of the 15th century down to our times own —from the action off Brest





IN THE GROUNDS.

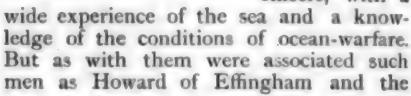
in 1512 to the blockade off the Zanzibar coast in 1889. In the Blake Gallery, and the Benbow Gallery, is arranged the historic loan collection of portraits of great seamen, and pictures of great sea-fights, each of which

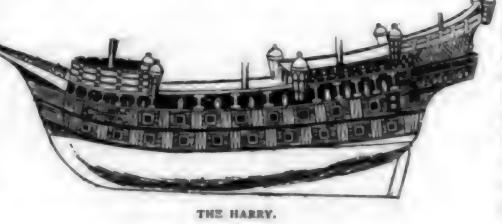
might be made the theme of an interesting article. The Nelson (and other) Galleries, abound in autograph letters and despatches, official papers, and countless souvenirs of our naval worthies and their achieve-

ments. The portraits begin with Holbein's Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, K.G., Lord High Admiral, and go down to Caton Woodville's "Commander Wyatt Rawson, R.N., at the battle of Tel-el-Keber."

It is interesting to observe the succession of distinguished naval commanders who have upheld the name and fame and power of England upon the seas. Blake, Sandwich, Sir William Penn, Russell, Earl of Oxford, Torrington, Sir George Rooke, Vernon, the hero of Portobello, Anson, who circumnavigated the world in his leaky old tub, the Centurion, Sir Edward, afterwards Lord, Hawke, who defeated Conflans in Quiberon Bay, in 1759; Boscawen, who, in the same year, beat the French off Cape Lagos; Rodney, the first of our great naval tacticians, and the inventor of the manœuvre of "breaking the line"; Earl Howe, whose name is associated with the victory of "The glorious First of June," (1794); Earl St. Vincent, Duncan, Lord Hood, Nelson, and the accomplished Collingwood, of whom Mr. Clark Russell has just written so delightful a biography. This rapid enumeration leaves out a score—nay, half a century—of names only less distinguished than those which I have here set down. What a "glory-roll" it is! Well may England be proud of it! Well may England love and cherish the service which has given to her history such a company of Worthies—has cherished such gallant and patriotic spirits! The history of the Navy, as I have elsewhere observed, divides into certain definite and wellmarked periods, each with its own distinct type of admiral or naval commander. This is very well brought out in the Blake and Benbow Galleries at Chelsea, First, we have the military period, when the admiral was really a "general-at-sea," when the service wore quite a military complexion, and our great officers applied to sea-fights the same rules which were observed in actions on land. When the spirit of

> maritime enterprise flamed forth in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, the leaders of our fleets and the captains of our ships developed of necessity into naval officers, with a







Earl of Cumberland—as in the Common-wealth and the reign of Charles II, Penn, Monson, and Lawson, served under "Colonel" Blake, and "Generals" Monk and Deane, and Prince Rupert—we may call this second era the nautico-military period, which came to an end at the Revolution.

The third, or nautical period, began with such men as bluff old Benbow, who broke his heart because his captains would not help him to thrash the French, and Sir George Rooke, who captured Gibraltar; with such men as Sir George Ayscue, Sir Thomas Hopson, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, whose egregious monument you may see in Westminster Abbey. These were followed by officers of a superior class, men deeply versed in the technical details of their profession, and more expert at handling fleets; such as the three illustrious

admirals of the Seven Years' War, Anson, Hawke, and Boscawen. The fourth or tactical period was "inaugurated " by Rodneycertainly one of the most brilliant of our seamen, and in my opinion, surpassed only by Nelson himself whose victories were fought and won upon principles of tactic, which were adopted by Howe and Jervis, the latter a great administrator and disciplinarian, and continued and developed by Nelson. The terrible

struggle of the great French war, when we had half Europe against us, called forth all the national energies, and, Nelson appearing upon the scene, by his splendid achievements, established himself in the heart of the people as, pre-eminently, England's naval hero. It is not too much to say that, to the majority of Englishmen, the name of Nelson represents our power and prestige at sea.

His glory has thrown his gallant contemporaries into the shade, and the men he himself formed—the men who helped him to win his victories. Yet it is not just that we should forget a Saumarez, a Hardy, a Trowbridge. There was good stuff also in Sir Robert Calder, Lord Keith, Lord Bridport, Sir Horace Popham,

and Sir George Cockburn; in Sir Philip Broke, who captured the Chesapeake, and Lord Exmouth, who bombarded Algiers. The Earl of Dundonald, better known, perhaps, as Lord Cochrane, would, probably, have been another Nelson, had he had a Nelson's chances; but he came upon the stage just as the curtain was about to fall. Of late, we have entered upon a new period—the scientific; and a novel type of officer has arisen, the natural product of the changed conditions under which our sea-service must in future be conducted; a man of culture and scientific acquirements, with an amount of professional erudition at which the naval officers, immortalized by Marryat and Chamier, would have stood aghast; yet, as I believe, not a whit inferior to them in daring, fortitude, resource, and resolution.

> This succession of heroic spirits, is amply illustrated in the galleries at Chelsea, where one may see how the "sacred tradition" has been sustained by generation after generation, just as the priestesses of Vesta transmitted from one to another the fire on the consecrated altar, imperishably burning. There you may see, on the canvas, the great seamen of the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Georges; and reflect that, however they may have differed in

genius or opportunities, they have formed a goodly fellowship in the ardour of their patriotism, in their indifference to danger, and their devotion to duty.

But I must glance at what more of interest the Exhibition has to show us. There is the model, 170 feet, of the Eddystone Lighthouse, constructed of steel and iron, with an exterior coat of concrete. It is surmounted by a lantern, 14 feet in diameter, which is illuminated at night by a revolving electric light of immense power, equal, it is said, to the illumination of three million candles. Then there are the kiosks of the Peninsula and Oriental, and other shipping and ship-building companies, Mr. John Furley's station of the St. John's Ambulance Association, the model working dairy,

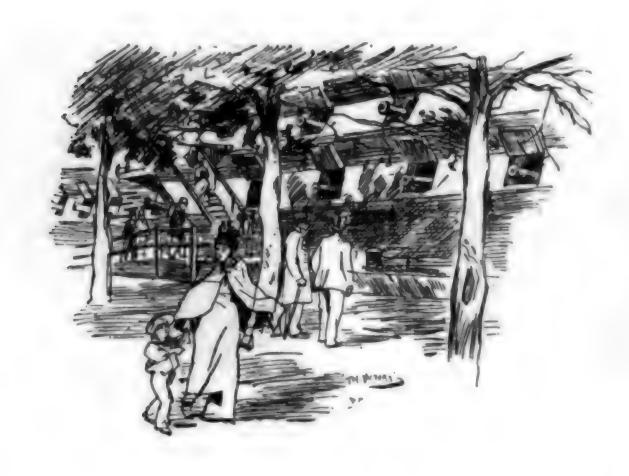


and the various refreshment pavilions, which reproduce the old Portsmouth hostelries, the "George," the "Blue Posts," and others, belonging to the stirring times of Peter Simple and Gentleman Jack. Finally, there is the supreme attraction, the admirably constructed model of Nelson's Trafalgar flagship, the Victory, with its realistic waxwork reproduction of the scene of the hero's death, which, to me, seems eminently out of place and unpleasantly sensational. The lower, or fighting deck, is shown as it was on the glorious day of Trafalgar, with the guns all cleared for action, and everything ready—aye ready. Nelson died, as everybody knows, in the cockpit. After his fatal wound he lingered for nearly three hours, when the approach of death became rapid and decided. "Doctor," he said to

his chaplain, Dr. Beatty, "I have not been a great sinner, and, thank God, I have done my duty!" Then, as if asking a question, in the hope of receiving consolation, he pathetically repeated, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner," and when the chaplain was too much moved to reply immediately, "Have I?" he eagerly interrogated. In a last access of pain he cried aloud, "Thank God, I have done my duty! Thank God, I have done my duty! These were his last words. Consciousness seemed immediately to desert him, and he passed away like one who falls gently into a deep sleep.

"I have done my duty!" These words seem to echo in our ears, as we take leave of the Naval Exhibition, as if they summed

up the record of the British Navy.





girls are at the corner of every street, begging with wonderful persistency of the passer to buy a flower. There stands a middle-aged woman, with face somewhat blotched and puffed, the result of continual "nips" at a

small bottle of gin, hidden amongst the moss in her flower basket; while behind you comes pattering an ill-shod, thin-faced, little maiden, the childish innocence gone from her eyes, and already hard lines gathering around her mouth. advantage of the crowded street to press close to your side and holds a "buttonhole" right under your chin. Your "No, thank you," must be very decided to rid you of her, for if there is the least hesitancy or the faintest glance of sympathy, she follows all down the street, begging you to buy in a persuasive undertone. Often you give the child a penny out of simple sympathy, and at other times you buy the flower and carry it some distance without the least idea what to do with it.

Those most ignorant of the rules that are mutually understood in the flower-girl fraternity, will discover, after a few weeks of city life, that the women and children who occupy certain positions are always the same. There is a sort of unwritten law, by which they each claim a given spot, and few new comers dare to dispute it. As a rule, a middle-aged woman takes her stand by the basket, and sells to those who stop for the purpose of buying, while she sends out children, with two or three little posies in their hands, to catch the foot passengers,

who might buy if pressed. Perhaps the most interesting congregation of flower vendors is in front of the Royal Exchange. One may always pick up a pretty flower for a penny here, although, of course, all sorts of prices are asked, according to the appearance of the customer.

It is difficult to classify all the men who buy flowers. Some consider a buttonhole part and parcel of their attire, while another man would not be seen with a flower in his coat for worlds. The well-todo Stock Exchange man likes to be florally adorned; the City masher must, of course, be decorated, and there are also certain sections of the lower classes who particularly affect this method of rendering themselves killing. But it is ladies who buy most largely, although they are more careful than men not to be cajoled into paying Then those in town for an fancy prices. evening's enjoyment at the theatre, or elsewhere, usually consider a flower a necessary finishing touch, before passing under the portals of Thespis.



BUYING FLOWERS AT COVENT GARDEN.



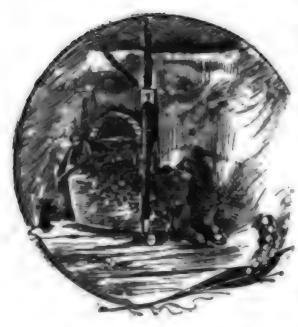
Of the types of flower girls to be met in the City, they are well known to Londoners, and I must regretfully admit that the ideal flower girl is very seldom on view. The pale, sad face with large dark eyes, and a wreath of brown curly hair escaping from the bands of a loosely tied bonnet, as she gracefully offers you a bunch of snowdrops, requires a lot of hunting up, and to the best of my knowledge is only to be found in the artists' studios. Now and again, a pretty child will ask you to buy a flower, but when these girls reach a score of years, their tendency is to stoutness with red, fat faces, and a "fringe" of hair plastered on their foreheads. They are remarkably deft at arranging a bunch and tying it up with the aid of their teeth, in fact, if a sale depends upon it, they can do it in a few seconds.

But, whatever they are, and it should be remembered such a struggle for existence as is their's does not tend to the highest moral tone; whatever they are, then, be it fairly said, our City flower girls work exceptionally hard, and for long hours, and in all sorts of weather. One needs only to spend a night and morning at Covent Garden on a market day to prove this. It is by no means an inviting scene at night, although there is some fascination about the arrival of cartload after cartload of

flowers. Large quantities are sent from the Channel Islands, packed with remarkable care, in cotton-wool lined boxes. Kent contributes a large portion, and the method with which they are grown in this county and elsewhere would form an interesting record of itself. Most of the growers cultivate one class of flower only, for instance, men with orchards will devote the ground under the trees entirely to snowdrops, while large potato growers will fill in the trenches with wall-flowers. are gathered and packed in carts, which slowly creep along the country road at night, reaching Covent Garden in time for the morning market. In the raw morning air, at four a.m., the girls have to be up and at the market, selecting such flowers as they think will sell best, and getting them as cheaply as possible. As a rule a flower girl has a particular marketman to whom she goes, and he immediately tells her what the prices are per dozen bunches for the various flowers. With a little thought, the girl invests her capital, packs her stock loosely in the basket, and gets back home. After a bit of breakfast, the business of making up the basket The flowers are usually ranged around so as to form a high bank above the edge of the basket. A jar, partly filled with water, is placed in the centre, and



THE REAL



WHERE THE PLOWERS SLEEP.

some of the best blossoms stood up in it. Wet moss is largely used to keep the flowers cool, and during the intervals of selling in the streets, the buttonholes are made up. It is a common

PEOPLE WHO BUY PLOWERS.

practice to wire the little bunches to the end of a skewer or sliver of wood, and stand the piece of wood up in the moss.

Before passing away from the market I must draw attention to the women porters,

who, with pads on their heads, carry huge baskets laden with pot plants and flowers from the market to the street. Some of these are withered, elderly women, and others sturdy and even handsome girls. do not know a more practical example of occupying women men's shoes.

A few days ago I had a chat with a well-known flower girl, named "Martha." She was sitting on a doorstep in one of the byestreets, off Leather Lane, where she was deftly sorting her flowers, and making them up into small bundles. I passed the civilities of the day with Martha, but as she was busy with hands and teeth, I did not get a reply immediately, when it did come, it was not of an en-Couraging nature. However, a piece of silver in exchange for a penny button-hole put Martha in better humour, and she willingly answered a question or two.

"Well, yer see's, it's a 'ard life, and more so, if you a'int got a pitch, 'cos yer shoved about, and 'ounded all over the shop by the "copper," an when y've bin hup since four, and tyin', sortin', and makin' hup, it

don't put yer in a good humor."

"What d'yer say? how does we buy our flowers—by the dozen? Well, the price waries, accordin' to how many are in the markit. May'be yer will git a dozen of gardenias for about sixpence, 'nother time, they will be about two shillings. Marchiknell roses keep about the same price, a bob a dozen. The other flowers wary a good deal, from thripince a dozen an' hupwards. Of course, y'or noticed that maiden 'air fern henters a lot in the business, an' I don't know what we should

do without it, it runs about sixpence to a 'Robert' a bunch."

"What do we make a day? Bless yer cheek, what will yer want to know next. Well, if I don't take more'n three bob a day I thinks myself 'ard done by. Of course, the weather henters a lot in the question, and a wet day makes a lot of difference. H'about eighteen bob



to a pound a week is the takins of a middling pitch. H'of course, such pitches as the h'Exchange and St. Paul's yer gets sometimes h'eighteen pince for a rose, with a little packin' of small flowers, that cost you yerself about tuppence."

"H'o yes, we sells most roses; next is wiolets, then gardenias,"



WOMEN PORTERS AT COVENT GARDEN.

"How keep 'em? why, sprinkles 'em with a little water, and covers 'em with damp moss."

"Where does I keep 'em at night? Ah!

now, yer want to know suff'n. Well, I don't put 'em in the dining-room. Yes, if yer likes, hunder the pianner; only it's the pianner I sleep on."

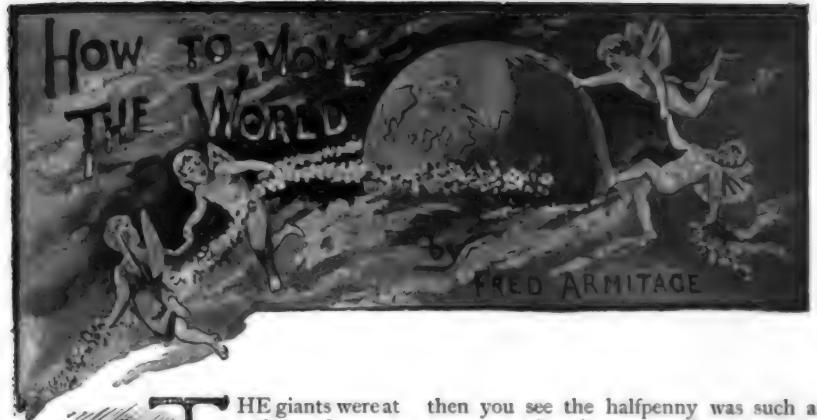
"No, I don't know 'Nell Gwynne,' nor any of her sort. But I used to know the Duchess. 'Er 'usband, I've 'eard say, took to gamblin' on 'osses, and on the Hexchange with money as wasn't 'issen; and he got 'isself into trouble at last. Well, 'is wee bit of a wife, she came and took to sellin' flowers; and we called 'er the Duchess, because she were that grand-like, and standoffish at first. She were as light and airy as a lily of the walley, and as bootiful; customers kim to 'er, as wouldn't kim to us; and, hafter a little time, she could beat us professionals hout and hout. She was as ginerous as could be, when she got to know us better; and anyone down on 'er luck and a-wantin' what for to buy stock, 'ad only to go to the Duchess. She'd lend, and never ask for 'er money back, but most on us used to return it. She disappeared a while back, without sayin' good-bye to no one. P'r'aps she died of the hinfluenza, like many hothers; or p'r'aps 'er Dook 'as come out of quod. Anyways, I 'opes she's 'appy where she's gone, for she were a good 'un. Now, you'd better get h'out, I'm h'orff."

Martha strolled away humming "The

wearing of the Green."

Such are our City flower girls; and, taking all into consideration, they are a class to be respected and assisted. A "Flower Girls' Mission" is in existence, and does much to help the girls by providing a shelter for their stock.





HE giants were at play—of course, I mean the boy giants; for grown up giants, you know, never do anything else than live in big castles, eat big dinners, and go to sleep in big beds. You should have heard these

young giants, and, in truth, you would have heard them, if you had been anywhere near, for they didn't want much listening to, they made such a noise. One group was playing at nine-pins, only the pins were as big as great poplar trees, and the balls were like balloons. Another lot were trying to see how high they could jump; one leaped right over a house, while another managed to vault over the telegraph wire. Then some were playing at tops—only the tops were as big as the people we see about the streets, and fancy, if you can, a peg-top being wound up with thick rope, for that was what they used. You certainly would have laughed to see others playing at marbles, for the "mivvies" were like footballs, and as for the "glass alleys," they were certainly as large as the great snowball you roll together in winter till you cannot move it further; and you can easily guess what large pockets they wanted to carry these marbles and other playthings about in. One giant was eating sweetstuff—a stick of barley sugar as big as your father's walking stick,—which the giant had bought for a halfpenny— but

then you see the halfpenny was such an enormous size, that one ought to have had a lot for it.

After a while the young giants, like other boys we have met with, grew tired of their play, and one suggested that as it would not get dark for a long while yet, they should all go together for a ramble through the forest, and, everyone agreeing, they soon started off. It was extremely dark in the forest through which they went, and many people have been lost there, and you may wonder, perhaps, how they managed to find their way through it; but when I



ONE YOUNG GIANT LEAPT OVER A HOUSE.



tell you that these giants were so tall that they walked through the trees like children do through a cornfield, with their heads above the top of the trees, you'll understand

why they were not at all frightened. There were many birds in the trees, and they were very much alarmed indeed to see the giants coming along and looking down upon their nests, but I am happy to say that the giants didn't touch any of their young ones or their eggs, because their hands were much too big to be put inside the little nests.

After a while the giants got right through the forest, for you see they took such long strides that they soon got over the ground, and you might have noticed that each giant had pulled up a good strong tree, and was using it as a walking stick.



'MI! LITTLE UN," SHOUTED GIANT MISCHIEF.

All at once one of them shouted out "The sea, the sea!" and, sure enough, there, a little way ahead, was a lovely bay of blue water, so clear that they could see not only the sand at the bottom, but all the gold and silver fishes that were swimming about in it. Some of the giants began to build houses in the sand; but one of them, called Giant Mischief, began paddling in the water. Just a little way off was an island, and Giant Mischief soon waded there and sat down, throwing stones in the water to amuse himself. Presently, from inside a hole in the rock, sprang out a little dwarf, just about the size of a little baby, but dressed up like a knight in armour, and



GIANT MISCHIEF SOON WADED TO THE ISLAND.

with what looked like a sword in his hand. "Hi! little'un," shouted Giant Mischief to the dwarf, "what do you call this 'ere place?" For you see he didn't speak like a grammar book.

"This little island is called 'Nowhere,"

replied the dwarf.

"Well," said the surly giant, splashing his great stick into the water, and wetting the dwarf all over. "If you call this place 'Nowhere,' what do you call that?" pointing as he did so to the land opposite, which he had just left.

"That place," rejoined the dwarf, "where

you see those animals?"

"They're giants, stupid," interrupted

Mischief.

"Giants," repeated the dwarf, "well, I apologize, but I did'nt know their names before."



THE DWARF BLEW THROUGH THE PIPE.

"Don't apologize," growled the giant, "it don't do no good and wastes time." "Tell us what place that is."

"Well, that's the World's End."

"Look here, little 'un, you're trying to cheek me, and for two pins I'd pitch you into the sea," Giant Mischief roared out.

"I'm very sorry I hav'nt got two pins,

sir, but suppose you do it for one," said the dwarf laughing and offering him a pin he had just pulled out of the back of his collar.

"Well you are a plucky little one" said the giant, "to stand and play them tricks with me. Do you know that I could crush you right up if I liked?"

"Oh, rubbish," said the dwarf, "if

you want to show off, you just try to move the world over there."

"Why nothing will ever move that" said the giant, "it's much too stupid to try."

"Is it?" said the dwarf; "see." So pulling out what appeared to be his little sword, but which turned out to be a pea-shooter, the dwarf put a little stone in his mouth, and blew it through the pipe against the world, when to the giant's great surprise, the world very gently, and without frightening anybody upon it, swayed backwards and forwards.

"What do you think of that?" said the dwarf.

"Oh, if you can

do it, so can I" replied the giant, who pushed with all his might till he grew red in the face, but all to no effect.

"Try again," said the dwarf in a mocking tone; but try as the giant would, not an inch would the world budge.

By this time Mischief's companions saw what was going on, and they too came over; but though they all pushed for half-an-hour, they had at last to give it up.

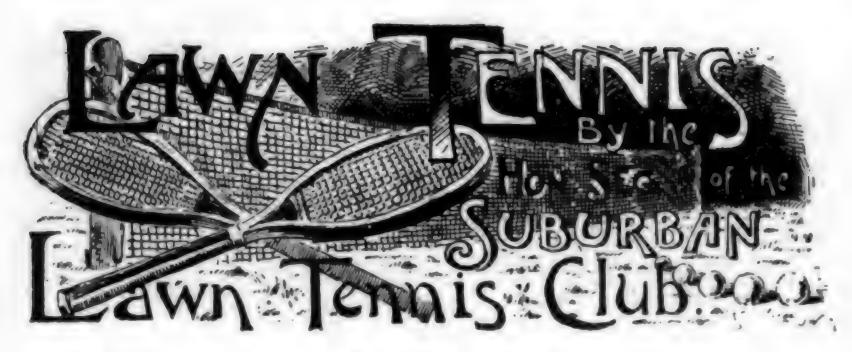
"Let's see you do it again," at last Mischief exclaimed, and again the dwarf moved the World with his little stone and pea-shooter.

"Look here," said the dwarf, "you all tried to move the World by force. You ought to be old enough to know that that never did answer. The stone I use to move it with is a little bit of love, and, as you see, that works wonders."

And then the night came on, and the giants went home to quietly think it all over, wondering too how it was a little dwarf knew more than twenty big giants, and how a little bit of love was more powerful than a great deal of force.



"A LITTLE LOVE WORKS WONDERS"



THE DOUBLE GAME.



dear sir," said the veteran player of the S.L.T.C., as he welcomed as a new member, " you will find tennis the best pastime

Every philosopher and ever invented. novelist should join a club; for if you want to study character, you will find the tennis court the best field observation. Human nature is very vile; and you will notice that, at tennis, even most respectable persons will steal their partners balls, and endeavour to cheat their adversaries. You are a bachelor?

"Well, if you will only use your eyes here, perhaps you will be able to ascertain whether or not there should be written over the portals of Hymen, 'Abandon hope

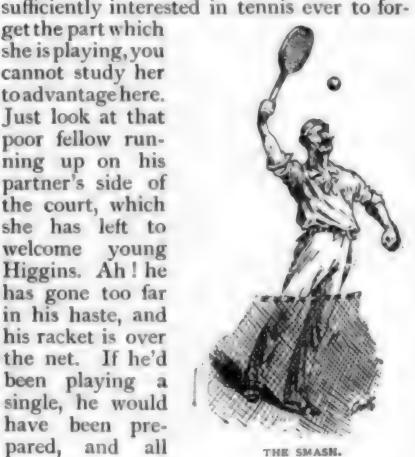
all ye who enter here.'

"In order to learn the character of any lady member, you must wait until she is feeling the full excitement of the game. If your partner will always do her best, whether losing or gaining, and if she can really forgive you when you miss an easy stroke which she could have taken herself, it would require a lover's command of words in order to praise her sufficiently. If she is peevish and cross under a trifling disappointment, you will be able to guess how she would bear the many petty cares of life; and if she wants to take all the balls for herself, or if she is determined to assume the command of the whole court, you will be able to come to your own conclusions as to how she would treat partnership funds, and as to how she would rule a household. A tennis player should be neither too bold

nor too timid; neither too generous nor too selfish; neither too talkative nor unable to speak pleasantly between the rests; and neither too slow in coming to a decision nor too hasty in altering it. In fact, a tennis player should possess all the virtues; and if at any time it is your good fortune to meet with a perfect partner, nobody will think you an idiot should you refuse to follow Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry.

"Lady members may be divided into two classes: the tennis players and the pretty posers. As to the latter division, they come down to the ground bent on conquest; but though they are anxious to win a match, they don't try very hard to win a game. The pretty poser will run after a compliment and forget to take her complement of balls; but as she is not

get the part which she is playing, you cannot study her toadvantage here. Just look at that poor fellow running up on his partner's side of the court, which she has left to welcome young Higgins. Ah! he has gone too far in his haste, and his racket is over the net. If he'd been playing a single, he would have been prepared, and all



would have been well; but when a woman's there and she is not there, why, where are you? At the beginning of this year I proposed a rule that one court should always be reserved for gentlemen only; and though before, I was rather doubtful as to whether there was such a thing as gratitude, I have since learned that it really exists.

"You see that young girl waiting to play? How sad she looks, because she can't have a game at once! Still, when she's asked, and a benign smile lights up her face, she won't be able to play at all, at all. What she ought to do is to monopolize a brick wall, not one of the courts. If she would only play against a wall until she

hop ninety-nine times out of a hundred, she might become a player in time. Of course, she would have to grow first; for how can you expect a child to wield a racket that is about as big as herself? Tennis is a game for grownup people, and it cannot be played satisfactorily with any racket lighter

than fourteen ounces or heavier than fourteen-and-ahalf.

"I am glad to see you have one of Chiefmaker's rackets. Fancy rackets are a snare to the unwary, and an utter abomination. Pretty posers sometimes carry ribbons on their rackets; and it is a sign by which you may know and avoid them. They think that each belle should have a single bow, if not a beau or two.

"Ah! look at Mr. Podgers running after the ball. He is guilty, you see, of one of the most deadly sins of which a tennis player can be guilty. He has cut off a part of the handle of his racket. You won't tell him what I say, will you? It wouldn't do, for he is a man of weight in the club. He covers a wide expanse of ground, and would command a good range if he had not destroyed a good maker's racket. Always hold your racket at the end, grasp it firmly when you are going to make a hard hit; and treat it kindly at all times; never leave it out in the rain, and let it rest in a press when not in use. There's a court vacant; will you make up a four and be my partner?"

I found the veteran an excellent teacher and a good partner. The only way to play



a double is for both men to stand in front of the service line, and each close enough to his side line to prevent his being passed there. Of course, no player must always stand as if rooted to one spot, like a geranium; for then it would not be difficult either to put a ball between the partners or near a side line, so that neither could take The volleying game is the one that pays; and the server should follow up his service at once so as to volley. Two men at the service line, or a yard or two in front



"YOU SEE THAT YOUNG GIRL WAITING TO PLAY."

of it, will beat two superior players who indulge in the old-fashioned up and back play.

A smash at the net will give an up player a chance to kill every now and then; but the stroke is a risky and difficult one at best, and there is nothing to prevent a volleyer going up to smash an easy ball. Against back players, the man at the net can take a quick ball by loosening his wrist, drawing back the top of his racket an inch or two as the ball is striking it; and the result of this will be that the ball will fall almost dead upon the other side of the net. Almost dead, it must be remembered, not quite; and the volleyer at the service line will be able to raise it gently and place it out of the way of the up-player, and where the back-player cannot reach it in time.

In a double, with both men in position for volleying, each player takes the balls on

his own side, and all doubtful balls should be taken by the man who took the last, as he is better able to judge how to take and what to do with the next. What he should do, is to return the ball to the last striker if the man is at a disadvantage, or is the weaker player; but it is often policy, after sending several balls to the weaker player, to send a good return to his stronger partner, who will very likely be unprepared for the attack. When the four players are about equal, and all play the volleying game, there is but little hope of winning a rest from a good return, and each must try to drive an adversary back or to a side line, paying more attention to gaining some immediate advantage which will eventually enable him or his partner

to kill.

In mixed doubles or with a weak partner the volleying game is seldom possible; and the lady stands on the base line. If the service comes to the man, he should return it to the lady opposite, and then follow up to volley her return. Going up he should keep to his own side, or his side line will be in danger, and his partner will not know whether to cross over or not; and unless he can kill a ball he should not poach too

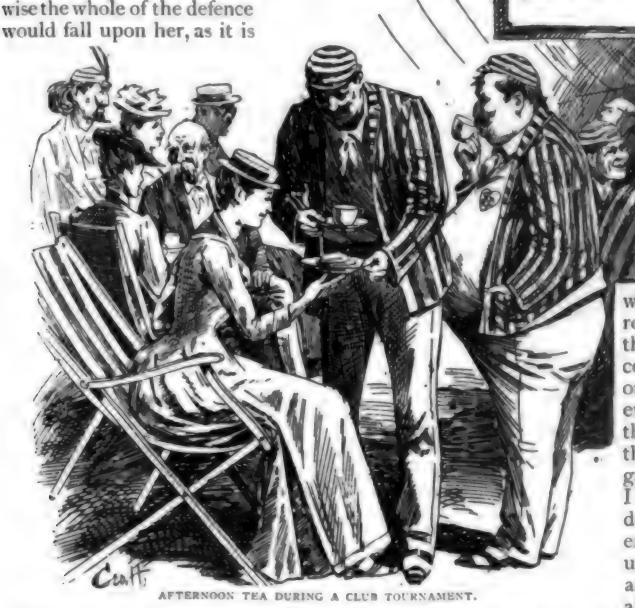


THE PRETTY POSER.

much upon his partner's ground if she can play at all, although it will naturally be understood that he is to defend more than half the court. If the ball is returned to his

partner, the man will fall back to help her, as otherone tennis cap, and the names of the men in another cap. Draw one from each, and let the pairs that come out together play as partners. When the list is ready, handicap

the couples, letting the strongest pair owe half-forty or even forty,



whilst the weakest may receive half-thirty. In the tournament, each couple must play four or more games with every other pair, and the partners who wine the largest number of games are the winners. If the handicapper does his work well, the excitement often lasts until the final game; and all have an enjoyable afternoon.

easy to pass one volleyer in the double court. average play of the club is also improved With both players back, the lady stands in a quicker in this way than in any other. corner, and the man, though prepared to go

forward at the first opportunity, remains at the middle of the base line.

Mixed doubles are excellent, and every tennis club should hold Saturday afternoon tournaments on

the American The system. best way arrange them is to charge a small entrance

fee, and spend two-thirds of the money received on a prize for the first lady, and with the balance buy two prizes, one for the partner of the first lady, and the other for the second lady. Put the names of the ladies into A tea should be provided, either by the

club or by the lady members in Here the turns. pretty poser, who is not likely to play in the tournament, will be in her glory; and even the veteran will pay homage to her beauty, as for this afternoon she has not interfered with his tennis. The demon-at-the-net will chat with some fair victim, whose best returns he has ruth-

lessly slain; the stout gentleman will make some jocular remarks as to his capacity for imbibing tea; and the good back players and volleyers will give advice to their partners, especially if there is any hope of their emerging victorious from the fray.

MR. PODGERS













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